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ABSTRACT

These essays attempt to chronicle the work of six authors in peace education as they reflect on the processes and important persons leading them to commit to peace education. They also examine those obstacles, successes and failures encountered trying to make these commitments concrete and substantial. The essays in this volume include: (1) "Paper Shoes and Leather Souls" (Tena Montague, Canada); (2) "Remembering the Future: Journey towards Wholeness" (David Hicks, United Kingdom); (3) "The Bamboo Sways but Never Breaks: A Personal Journey in Peace Education" (Virginia Floresca-Cawagas, The Philippines); (4) "Peace Education in Context: Personal Reflections" (Robin Burns, Australia); (5) "Transcending Boundaries: The Yin and Yang of Educating for Peace" (Toh Swee-Hin, Canada); and (6) "Reflections from the Margins" (Robert Zuber, United States). (EH)

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JOURNEYS IN PEACE EDUCATION: CRITICAL REFLECTION AND PERSONAL WITNESS

Robert Zuber (Ed.)

Six voices from the world of peace education can be listened to in this report: those of Robin Burns (Australia), Virginia Floresca-Cawagas (The Philippines), David Hicks (United Kingdom), Tena Montague (Canada), Toh Swee-Hin (Canada) and Robert Zuber (USA). The six authors attempt to chronicle the processes and important persons leading them to commit to peace education, as well as those obstacles, successes and failures encountered trying to make these commitments concrete and substantial.

Keywords: Global approach, memoirs, nonviolence, peace education, peace research, values, war.

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JOURNEYS IN PEACE EDUCATION: CRITICAL REFLECTION AND PERSONAL WITNESS

For Betty, who inspires me and many in peace education.

Introductory Remarks

The task set before those of us who have chosen to write for this volume is a daunting one. We are attempting to describe our place in human history in this way, to chronicle the processes and important persons leading us to commit to peace education, as well as those obstacles, successes and failures which we have encountered trying to make these commitments concrete and substantial. It is to say the least difficult to locate yourself in a history which is in great flux and over which you have very limited control. Nevertheless, it is essential for peace educators, as for others, to be mindful of formative experiences, assumptions and worldviews, triumphs and tragedies, as one means of perpetuating this work and the visions upon which it rests. Peace education can be unsettling and isolating. There are few road maps to follow towards preferred futures, and personal and professional mistakes are inevitable. However, in the great scheme of employment options, peace education has much to commend it. There is creative life here, and in abundance; stories which very much needs to be told, and ongoing journeys which very much need to be considered.

Among the significant voices in this world, six are presented in this monograph. These persons are well known to each other, though probably not equally known to the reader. There is respect and affection evident here for the quality of work engaged and depth of struggle endured. However, this is a monograph, not a monolith. The authors have communicated within unique frameworks and assumptions, within their own sense of where history is headed and what will help to make that history just and humane. There are contradictory ideas, feelings and prescriptions in these essays. There are also divergent emphases as the authors wrestle alternatively with issues of politics and person, of faith and social activism. Were the authors of this monograph to be multiplied, so too would be the frames of reference for lives attempting to manifest principles of progressive thought and action in our fascinating but troubled world.

The reader will immediately recognize that the venues and assumptions of peace education are much more diverse than its simple name might suggest. "Peace" has much to do with the control and elimination of weapons, especially those weapons of mass destruction which continue to threaten the planet. However, much of the authors' work evolves from concern about the social causes which make weapons of mass destruction virtually inevitable – the abuses perpetuated against women, racial minorities and ethnic subcultures; an ecology which is increasingly vulgar and dangerous; misuses of political and social power resulting in gross violations of basic, human rights; a nation-state system which continues to seduce persons into national allegiances which are increasingly archaic and servicing of narrow political interests. These and other issues form much of the framework for peace education and for the essays in this monograph.

This framework of issues, however, is supplemented by concerns for personal fulfillment – the ethical, spiritual, affective and aesthetic dimensions of life which make it worth engaging with vigor and purpose. Peace education is not content to "raise consciousness" about social and political concerns as though such knowledge can, by itself, motivate caring, transformational responses on the part of the hearers. The formula for a "life worth living" is more diverse and multi-faceted. While insisting on certain, minimal standards of evolving, civilized behavior, peace educators can also insist on the basic compatibility of a fulfilling personal life and a world characterized by greater and greater justice. For many, "naming" discriminations and abuses of all sorts goes, hand in hand, with increasing empowerment – the ability to carve spaces of meaning and dignity which are not routinely subjected to the uninvited invasions and manipulations of others. Combined with compassion, such spaces are one of the primary preconditions for lives which are free to make culture, undertake ethical exploration, and engage in relationships characterized by fairness and mutual support. If nothing else, the authors of this monograph affirm together the fundamental value of such lives and commit themselves to their practical realization.

Acknowledgements

The journeys represented here are punctuated with the names of persons – educators, family members, friends, colleagues and others – who have helped to inform vision and nourish the spirit. In this space, we would like

to express particular thanks to Åke Bjerstedt of Sweden. Through his tireless work as Secretary of the Peace Education Commission of the International Peace Research Association, Åke has managed to do the impossible – keep a geographically and professionally diverse constituency directly in touch with each other's issues and concerns. Åke's published interviews with prominent peace educators from around the world have served as a direct inspiration for the present effort.

We also wish to acknowledge a 1991 volume which in some ways served as the genesis for this work: "Journeys in Peace Education: Critical Reflections from Australia," ed. Toh, Swee-Hin. As is so often the case for the progressive, English-speaking world, the Australians have taken the lead in telling the stories which the rest of us need to contemplate.

About the Authors

Tena Montague continues to organize workshops and engage in many acts of solidarity with indigenous peoples and other persons living "in the zone" from her home in Lennoxville, Quebec, Canada. Her work, focused primarily on anti-racism and multi-cultural education, has had a major impact on education both in Canada and the U.S. Tena is currently helping to prepare the curriculum of Trinity College in Burlington, Vermont to address the complex, multi-ethnic tapestry which is sure to emerge in the 21st Century.

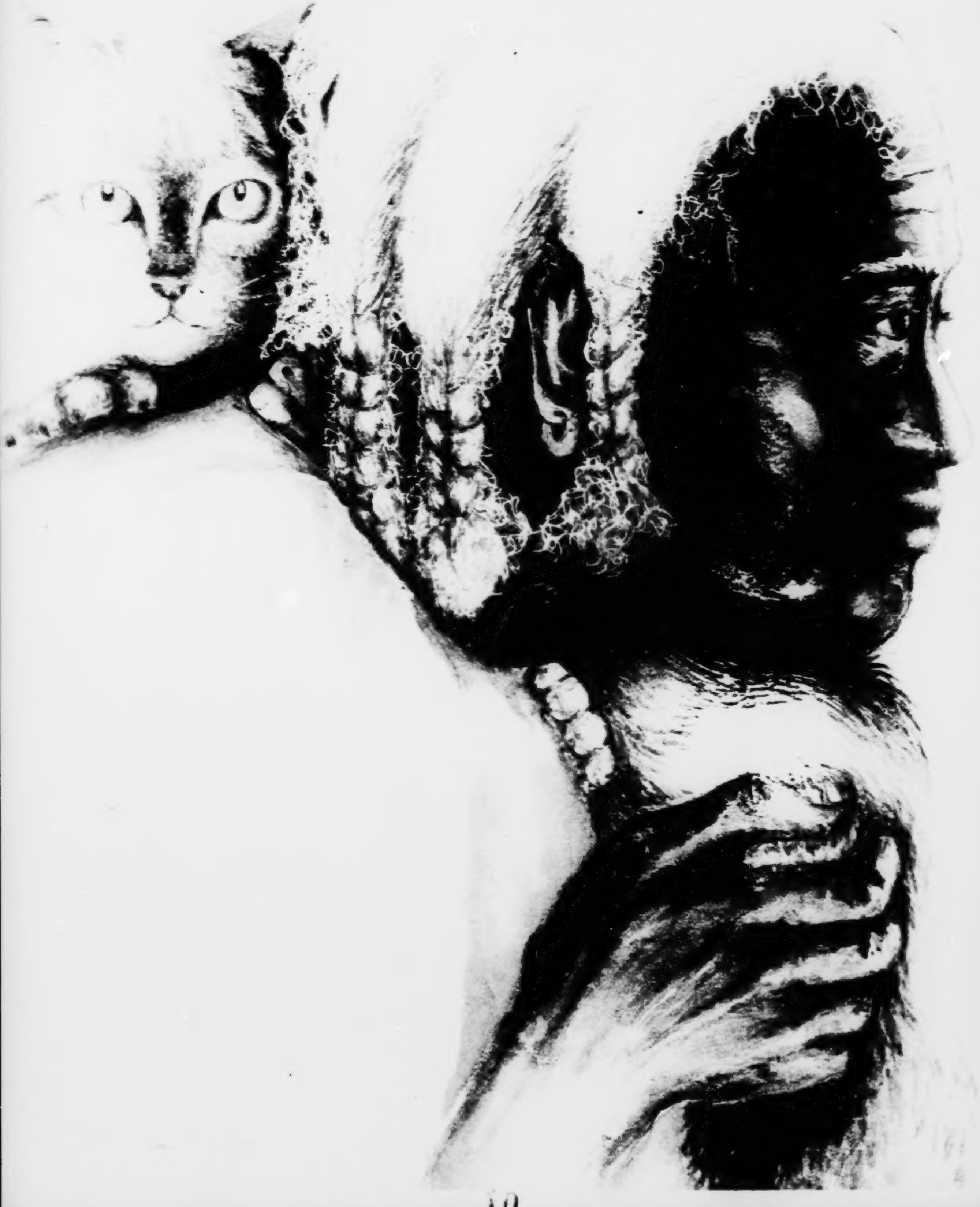
David Hicks PhD (Lancaster) is still recovering from a grammar school education while working somewhat impatiently to improve the world. In 1980, he set up the Centre for Peace Studies and the World Studies 8-13 project in Lancaster. He is a leading UK authority on futures education and global education and has, since 1989, directed the Global Futures Project and now teaches at Bath College of Higher Education. His current interest lies in workshops on envisioning the future. He reports that he is still surviving the hazards associated with major life transitions.

Robin Burns PhD (La Trobe) continues to open mountains of mail while embarking on a new phase of the journey, this time in public health as teacher in the Master of Public Health program of the Monash Medical School in Australia. She has been Senior Lecturer in the School of Education at La Trobe University while offering her skills and wisdom to numerous non-governmental organizations in Australia and beyond. Att the moment, she is planning to visit Antarctica as part of a study of Australian women who have previously made that trek. Of particular significance to the rest of us, she served as Executive Secretary of the Peace Education Commission of IPRA 1983-88.

Virginia Floresca-Cawagas EdD (Notre Dame University, Philippines) is currently teaching at the University of Alberta in Edmonton while organizing the growing Filipino community of Alberta through the Lingap Institute. Though not quite as much bamboo is in her life these days, Jean remains immersed in the political and cultural life of the Philippines, especially through her writing, workshops, and numerous family and friends. She has served Filipinos through the World Council on Curriculum and Instruction, the Catholic Education Association, and many other citizens groups.

Toh, Swee-Hin PhD (University of Alberta) continues to move towards holistic thinking and living as professor of Educational Foundations at the University of Alberta to which he returned after an important sojourn at the University of New England in Armidale, Australia. Swee-Hin has made numerous professional visits to the Philippines over the past 10 years, and was instrumental in the development of a graduate program in peace and human rights education through Notre Dame University in Cotabato City.

Robert Zuber currently surveys the progressive margins as Senior Officer of the World Order Models Project while spending spare time organizing youth and AIDS ministries in East Harlem, New York City as well as peace education institutes with Betty Reardon.



PAPER SHOES AND LEATHER SOULS

Tena Montague

"... and if you don't feel, you'll never cry, and if you don't cry, then you'll never heal."
Harry Chapin

I continued to lie on the bed, feeling like a marionette whose strings had been cut. But still, the thoughts kept on coming... 2969 Cottage Grove Avenue... Victory 2-0623. These were some of the first things I was told to remember. For what? It didn't make sense to learn the address and phone number of a rat trap.

I turned until my spine was curved inward even more, while my head was bent down and my arms and legs were pulled in towards my chest. Somehow I felt better being in this position. I guess I had been like this for a while, I didn't know how long.

My pillow was damp from tears. I don't even remember wanting to cry, but I knew I was doing it because I felt tears running down my face.

I moved one of my balled-up fists from my chest and carefully put my fingers around the front of my throat. It didn't hurt anymore, not in the way it had.. There was a different kind of hurting now, not exactly coming from my body, but from somewhere that went deeper. I couldn't explain the hurt the way it really was; after all, I was only eleven.

I squeezed my eyelids together, trying to stop seeing what had happened earlier, but I was losing that battle. I started to remember...

*

My gymnastics at the Catholic Youth Organization had let out early, so I decided to walk home instead of waiting for Gee to pick me up. Anyway, he told me he was going to be late because he had to put in extra work this day.

It was early April, windy and cold, and just beginning to get dark. Walking home from 41st Street to 29th Street wasn't really that far; anyway, I had no money for the bus. The first time I had walked home from here was with Gee. That day he had just enough money for only me to take the bus home, but I said "no". So we ended up eating snow cones while walking home together.

As I went down the steps of the CYO building, I pulled my wool cap snugly over my ears. I loved caps because they held down my fly-away hair. I took my new scarf out of my schoolbag. It was much prettier than the old one my aunt had made for me. That one looked like she had taken the loose yarn from something else and knitted it back into that thing she said was a scarf. I didn't want it but Mama said, "You don't give back homemade stuff!" So I wore it until I got this new one.

I smiled while looking at the soft colors and put it around my shoulders. Then I took the scarf and made a nice big warm loop at my neck and began walking home.

Most of the others in my gymnastics class went south. When I was with Carol, we walked south, back to her house until Gee came for me. I had been to Carol's house many times. But as for Carol coming down to Cottage Grove Avenue, it was silently accepted by both of us that my best friend wouldn't be allowed to go "there." When I walked south with Carol, things looked better, because they were better. Today Carol wasn't with me, so I walked north, by myself.

There weren't many people walking or hanging around outside, not like last week when there was no doubt that it was spring. How things changed so quickly when I walked north! Houses gradually turned into dilapidated tenement buildings that were crowded together, all with knotted curtains at the windows. Other windows were boarded up with pieces of wood. Some buildings had entrances with no doors and which led to urine-reeked hallways. Sister Lucy would want me to say "urine-reeked" rather than "smelling like pee."

Sister Lucy always told me that I was special. But if I was so special why was I in this place? But I guess I was lucky to be going to St. Elizabeth's. After all, I could have gone to George's public school which is right down the street from us. George was my uncle and was only two years older than me, but he hardly learned anything in school.

After thinking about how I was lucky in some small way, I walked over to one of the remaining trees in the area and pulled down gently on a limb that stuck out. I let the twigs swish back through my open fingers and then I started walking again.

Big trees gradually changed into those weed bushes that always grew in vacant lots. (It seemed that we were the last ones in the world to get spring. Except for the heat sometimes, there were no other real signs of it, like green lawns and bright perfumey flowers.) But there were always those blades of grass which had somehow managed to break through the cracks in the sidewalks. And the dandelions would be coming soon. That was our flower.

Suddenly a gust of wind sent old plastic bags, wrappers, and newspapers into the air. They all came from piles of garbage that come from some unknown place and had been dumped in a big vacant lot that was covered with glass.

I saw a tall thin man who stood on the corner holding out his hand. He was a "hop-head" who was "on" something. "Hop-heads" twitched and jumped around a lot and needed money to buy sweet things. I walked around the shaky man. Although he looked at me, I don't think he saw me.

*

I suddenly remembered my Med-Alert necklace. Did I put it back on after gymnastics? I felt for it under my scarf and was relieved when I touched it. I knew why I had to wear it. When I was younger, I always had lots of colds. In the winter, we never had enough heat in our old building. Something was always broken. Even hot water was a luxury. We got used to heating up all those pans filled with cold water on the kitchen stove.

Sometimes when we all had colds, we kept giving them to each other. But I think I was the worst one. I always caught other things along with the colds like strep throat, whooping cough and even scarlet fever. That scarlet fever was bad. At first I didn't even know I had it until one day Mama grabbed my arm when I ran past her. Where she had touched me, the skin came off just like a snake shedding its skin.

There was always penicillin to get me out of trouble, except for the last time, when it didn't work. I had been given my usual dose for a nasty cold. Sometimes even before the doctor knew what was wrong, he would already have the needle filled up and lying on a small towel in a plastic tray waiting for me. Anyway, a little while after I took that last shot, I started to tingle all over and feel real hot. My hands started to hurt, especially in my joints, and all my fingers started growing real thick and fat. My face had swollen like one of Mama's cakes does after a few minutes in the oven.

They took me to the hospital. They found out that I had developed a severe allergy to penicillin. Just like that. Wham! Something that I was depending on had turned into an enemy that was more deadly to me than any member of the 28th Street gang.

*

Already I had arrived at 31st Street, our nearest shopping center with mainly liquor stores, loan shops and small catch-all grocery stores that sold lots of dry laundry starch – which people ate. Mama said that they ate this because they were needing something inside their bodies.

Sides of the buildings were crowded with billboards advertising liquor, cigarettes and syrup – all stuff owned by people somewhere outside of here. Around here, we never saw outside people, except in their cars. They came cruising into the neighborhood, sometimes for pick-ups. Sometimes they were slum landlords coming around to get a look at their run-down buildings, to see if they were still standing. Most of the time, we only got to know the outside people and how they lived from the t.v.

I saw the hospital which stood above the other buildings. When Rose was in labor with me, she was driven past this hospital, for she had to go to the other side of the city. She had to go to the Cook County Hospital because we had no money. That was the "Charity Hospital". The halls were always crowded with women who were getting ready to have babies and with other people who were injured or sick. But in the end, I was born and we both survived.

Still, when I have to show my birth certificate, "The Cook County Hospital" is written across the top of it in big dark letters. And everyone knows about the charity place. That name is always going to be at the top of my paper, no matter what I do or how far away I move from that place. I found out that the day of birth is real important as some of us come out of mothers who "have" and some of us come out of mothers who haven't.

I suddenly broke away from my thoughts when I crossed a small dirty-looking alley. It was dark because of the high buildings on both sides. That's when it happened. I knew that there was something or someone nearby, in that alley, waiting. I had developed that sense from living here. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught the movement of a shadow as it came towards me.

Before this time could pass, I thought of my grandparents, whom I've always called Mama and Daddy, and how sad they were going to be. Mama was a special person, she loved everybody and that included me. But Daddy, I don't think he could love everybody, but he loved me, and that's what made it special. But out here, it didn't matter who loved me. I faced the attack alone. It was like death; no matter who loved me, when I was caught, I was on my own, like now.

*

That is my introduction. I don't like to elaborate on what I do or who I am because that limits me to being only that. More important, this is a reflection about stumbling around, looking at and looking for peace within a life-long learning process. I think I have some glimpse of what peace is because I have experienced war.

The greatest battles during my time in the zone took place when I was most comfortable within my home language, my first language of expression. Therefore, I have to relate my war stories in a relational language. Unfortunately, you won't be able to see the expressions of my eyes or the on-going flow of gestures from my hands; even how I purse my mouth when those internal bells begin to ring, signalling a deep truth which I have touched off inside of myself.

"... 2969 Cottage Grove Ave.... Victory 2-0623..."
What method of communication I use depends upon what experiences are to be expressed. There's no necessary correlation between words and communication. Words without communication turn out to be a lot of noise. And yet one can communicate without words. But since this is a written piece concerning my reflections, there is presented a specific challenge to myself and the reader. I will attempt to find our common denominator.

I cannot truly relate my experiences and reflections in the language of precision, focusing on complex rules of grammar; all of that killing the spontaneity of the storyteller. Many oral histories surrounded us as children in the "zone". And through this language of expression, we received flashes of the beauty and the depth of our origins. This gave rise to the peacemakers who have and would continue to come from our midst.

St. Elizabeth's School taught me to express myself in another way also. There, I learned to string a long list of Webster's words together and be very impressive. But sometimes my expressions were too short and ambiguous for those who were new to the experiences I described in my home language. For us in or from the "zone", that communication came very close to a telepathic and empathetic experience, cutting to the bone, becoming independent and suspicious of excess words.

I will not be specific at times because open-endedness kick-starts creativity. I may slip into more of a home dialect. There may be another story or two. Even a drawing. Who knows?

*

I was born in a war zone where poverty-stricken people were isolated in damaged buildings. Where the sight and the sound of guns were familiar occurrences in the environment. And death from violence or premature illnesses had touched most of our lives in some way, even the youngest of us.

"I always caught other things with the colds, like strep throat, whooping cough and scarlet fever..."
Funerals were expensive, especially for anyone living in the zone. I remember my mother telling me once that you used to get a free grave if you were killed. They stopped doing this because the bodies were coming in too quickly.

I was born in a sub-ghetto in Chicago, Illinois. Even in the ghetto, there was a hierarchy. I came from the bottom. Therefore, I was supposed to be a statistic. But I survived that prediction. I do give myself credit for being a survivor but it was the others, the peacemakers in my young life who prevented me from becoming a casualty of war.

"...Houses gradually turned into dilapidated tenement buildings that were crowded together..."
It wasn't the people who were caught in the local war that made the place bad. They were no worse than those who lived outside the battle zone. It was the sub-human conditions that existed in the zone, some so inhumane that they could never be portrayed for tv viewing in La La Land. Those conditions were not created in the zone. They were a manifestation of the outside culture which created and preserved the zone.

"Hop-heads twitched and jumped around a lot and needed money..."
After all, we didn't have the money to buy the planes to have the stuff shipped in.

And the streets.... There were always the stories about the streets, those streets that I had to walk to get to school, church and to the store. I was told when, where and how to walk them. And sometimes we forgot our survival skills training. Like I did the day I was attacked. I had been lucky up to the time of that late afternoon walk home. I guess that makes me a survivor. At the same time I had cut down my chances for escaping the next one. After all, the little black kitten only had so many lives. But at eleven, people experience a strange combination of fear and invincibility, until the fires of war flare up in front of you and permanently singe your soul.

"...Big trees gradually changed into those weed bushes that grew into vacant lots."

Evolution was "goosed" in the zone. The armadillo rats had to get their type of tail in a hurry. I called them the armadillo rats because they had a type of tail that was all armoured-looking, appropriate for the war. It was no longer as vulnerable as before. And here in the zone the cockroach was very slowly evolving, ultimately preparing for the "survival of the fittest."

From our school curriculum, we learned that the "zone" was some horrid mutation from humankind. The culture of its people didn't merit even being mentioned in the history books. We were an appendage of evolution gone wrong. Our school gave us useless unconnected information about ourselves and the outside world. We were given lines from Beowolf to memorize as we trudged back from school into the "zone".

Some of us got the chance to leave the zone. We had the rare opportunity of being "educated" instead of being "trained". We had learned to "negotiate the system", as psychologist Mary Bacon had stated.

Children within the zones are not usually educated, they are trained. They are trained to remain as a part of the underclass. But learning was still possible in the zone. We were lucky that some of our peacemakers were also educators. They were our transition people. They had gone to college and not received their degrees in "training" or "miseducation". They had been children-oriented instead of grade-oriented.

I also learned quickly what other teachers wanted in order to get the "A". To most of us, getting the "A" in the zone didn't matter. It meant that you were probably doing something wrong.

A few times, I remember my uncle picking up pages that had fallen out of his school books. These texts were throw-aways from other schools. Inside each book was a list of the outside kids' names written down, one after another. And when that list of names became too long and those books too depreciated, the books were sent to my Uncle's school. Students in his school would read those names and think about those outside kids who had first choice.

I can recall a conversation among some of the neighborhood kids. I remember only one name and that was Marvin. I will attempt to paraphrase that event to the best of my ability:

"...and when that thing went off", Marvin was talking about the bomb drill that he had experienced that day in school.

"We got caught tryin' to get under those old desks and they turned upside down, all over the place. The teacher said that we was doin' all that on purpose. She said, next time, we just sit there and don't move and if it's for real, we get it!"

I remember Herbie (not his real name) sitting on his bike and saying, "Why should I work for somethin' when there's no damn future? And on top of the shit mess right here, we're supposed to worry about bombs droppin' on us. What do them Russians look like anyways?"

I remember Marvin answering, "I don't know. I don't even know where Russia is."

The school that I attended was run by missionary nuns. They either went to places in Africa or came here. Some said that if a sister drew a short straw, she would have to come here. My father wouldn't have been able to send me to St. Elizabeth's if the tuition had been any higher. It was only a few dollars a month. Maybe that was the blessing of having missionary nuns; they asked for missionary prices. And they did work on our souls.

"...Sister Lucy always told me that I was special."

Not only were we miseducated as children, we were also unprotected by outside laws. We, the children, saw all those influential people in "La La land" fighting for and creating laws to protect children. There was hope. But we painfully discovered that those laws and especially the energy they put into establishing those laws were for their children, not us.

This hit home when Emitt Till was murdered. The fact that he was Black was more important to the adults, the good-acting ones as well as the bad-acting ones, than the fact that he was only 14. And he was born and raised right here in the "zone", so close to us. That meant that the outside was just as dangerous. All of us were younger than Emitt Till, but the fear, hopelessness and the helplessness that prevailed in our young souls was a shameful testament to a nation.

Some of us drifted into a "victim's mentality" while others decided to get the fast buck by any means possible, giving reason to the fact that there was no justice. Still others joined another wave of peacemakers created in the zone.

Our peacemakers never got into the theory. Their practicum was on-going. They never idealized peace. It was a matter of daily survival. Our peacemakers never marched for peace. They often hung out of windows watching the children. They were our Aunt Marys and Uncle Jims, people who weren't really related to us. We called them that because that is the tradition. They were entitled to these positions because they brought the children a certain security. This "family" also made us responsible for our actions. We behaved on the street because the Aunt Marys and the Uncle Jims were peekin' down on us from the second floor.

Our peacemakers didn't sit at the table and negotiate. (They were resilient souls with a few inexpensive prized possessions.) They called you off the street when they saw a gang approaching. I remember twice being rescued during a storm when peacemakers helped me to get home. Being a peacemaker meant making us feel safe, giving us peace of mind and faith in the goodness of the people who lived in the zone. These were the peacemakers whose bootcamp training was constant.

We could not afford to think of peace as a global matter. We were too busy trying to survive. The issue of global peace was a luxury of living in La La Land. We looked at becoming experts at "survival skills." But I also began to see that generally one must have the conveniences in order to contemplate about global peace. Therefore those of us who most needed to bring local and global issues together, to see how our struggle was linked to the struggles of people around the world, were too involved in struggle to make the connections. We were denied this power of knowledge and compassion.

"... I found out that day is real important when some of us come out of mothers who have and some of us come out of mothers who haven't..."
It was so easy to get locked into our immediate misery. We couldn't see the whole picture for the dots. It was important to be able to examine and explore the substances that made things the way they were. And it was just as important to be able to move back and get a global view of how all the small parts, including ourselves, fit into the global perspective. As for a global perspective, we had one strong and powerful force to teach us about the whole picture, and that was t.v.

There were many people in La La land with hefty salaries who wrote bad scripts for us, and we learned to follow those scripts to the letter, watching ourselves on t.v. That was the power of the media inside the zone. It was exacerbated by the fact that it also determined our wants and our needs.

"...Sides of buildings were crowded with billboards advertising liquor, cigarettes..."
The commercials cried out to us, especially to the children. They bombarded us with what we perceived as our ongoing needs. These tricks were just a disguise that triggered wants and desires that were well above our means.

We bought the products with a variety of papers that were produced right in the zone and were tied to high interest rates.

There were many outside profiteers from our war. It was of benefit to them to keep it going.

"They came cruising into the neighborhood, sometimes for pick-ups, sometimes they were the slum landlords..."
Only after leaving the zone did we receive the luxury of being able to reflect on peace. We got the opportunity to see the whole picture instead of just the dots, and it was a revelation.

"...Cook County Hospital is always going to be at the top of my birth certificate, no matter what I do or how far away I go from it."
I reiterate that the zone was an invention of LA LA Land. It's implications are imbedded in the culture. If La La Land is success, then the zone has to exist in order to give some sort of meaning to the word success. Someone or something has to be on the bottom.

That's how we've built our structure. Someone has to be on top and someone on the bottom. We're always painfully fighting up and down that hierarchy, deciding who has to be on the bottom, instead of building a horizontal structure, where we are on the same floor but in different places. That would also mean a restructuring of our culture and language because if everyone became successful, there would be no need for words such as "failure."

So the words failure and success remain with us. These are the words which encourage aggressiveness and defy peace. We do not have any alternatives to take their places because we lack the confidence and creativity for this kind of change.

"...Out here, it didn't matter who loved me, when I was caught, I was on my own..."
I did tell what happened to me the day I was attacked. It was reported to the police, but nothing happened. They never caught anyone when something like that took place in the "zone"; it had to be fatal to count. The people who did the bad stuff knew they had a better chance of getting away with it here than out in La La Land.

To those onlookers who built higher fences in order not to see the zone, Pastor Neomoller was right. The disease of neglect rotted the wood and there are no more fences. The epidemic was not contained within the weak.

for it has now hit the protected areas of the more fortunate.

The zones are no longer isolated. They are intertwined with one another. And the fences are down. All the areas are involved with local wars. Now any house can burn, no matter its price.

I have taken these memories from my notes on the book that I'm writing, "Time Back In". I was told that no one would be interested in it because I wasn't important enough. Well, I am. We all are. That tendency for people to be trained by other people isn't easily broken. My initial training taught me to rely on others' opinions about what I was good or not good at doing. I heard once that "Power" was the ability for someone to define another's reality.

I am fortunate to be surrounded by old souls in a variety of bodies that transcend race, gender, class and abilities. The greys are coming and I'm excited because I instinctively know that the best is yet to come. So I'll have time to gather more old souls tightly around me.

"...But Daddy, I don't think he could love everybody, but he loved me, and that's what made it special..."

I would like to thank Tom Vandermeulen, my best friend and partner, with whom I remember jumping over some type of broom almost a lifetime ago. A big part of the place where I am at this time is due to knowing him.

And then there are my children, Jann and Neala with whom I have learned the greatest lessons; now I have resigned my parenting to others who will come along and influence them in their peacemaking and life-skills.

Bob Zuber is an old friend from another lifetime and a constant inspiration. He is truly is making a difference in the zone.

Steve Garger has given me the luxury of reinforcing my professional self-esteem. He has given me the opportunity to make contributions towards peace, teaching and children.

Alan Wallis is my doctor-healer. He does this without medicines and with a listening ear. My channels are cleared to pursue my work.

My grandparents, "Mama" and "Daddy" are deceased but are truly alive to me. They and others of my first family, my mother, Rosetta Jones, my father, especially in his last years, my aunts and uncles, two cousins in particular, Gloria and Linda, have been my peacemakers throughout my childhood in the "zone". My grandmama used to say to us after we were in a squabble, "Be good, that's the right way." If another squabble took place too soon, she would subtly hint about the "switch" and would repeat the "Be Good" phrase again, with even more force.

My friends, Lydia Sharman, Doris Aime, Judy and London Green, Margaret and Dick Medland and many more have given me the luxury of inner peace. In particular, Ella Smith has taught me with her life story. It is one where she raised five teenagers as a single mother on welfare in the "zone". Three were taken from her, one from an act of violence, another committed suicide and her youngest one had a cerebral haemorrhage brought on due to economic depravity. Ella is now a paraprofessional, working lovingly as a peacemaker and educator with children in the zone.

Cindy Mace, started off as my student. She has Downs Syndrome. Now she is a source of inspiration to me. She never takes for granted the very little things.

Uncle Lucius gives me time for reflection-for-action which is the basis for my positive activism. As we sat quietly in his little shop in Harlem he said "People cannot help the situation that they are born into but they can be responsible for the one in which they die." This was followed by another as he gave me that great Uncle Lucius smile. "Growing old isn't so bad you know. Now I'm able to know what I'm seeing although my eyes aren't working so well anymore."

These are all peacemakers in my life. There are others. They are too numerous to mention. They are also the people who do the little things each day, who inspire me to sit in the warmth of the sun and smile. There are peacemakers that are not in human form. They come from the wonders of nature. They range from wonderful healing plants to the loving animals that are our heart soothers. But most of all, there are the peacemakers who have always been in the "zone". Against all odds, they remain true to their name as peacemakers.

If the statistics of unemployment and miseducation were evenly applied across the board, then the zone would be the safe place to be. For, inside the zone, we are used to those statistics. And if this was to happen, perhaps there would be those of you who would have to flee into the zone from the chaos of La la land. And when the night came, and you still had goodness in your heart, but nowhere to go, our peacemakers would know this. They are eerily clairvoyant. As with any talent, their clairvoyance has developed out of practice and necessity. And there is a good chance that a "shero" with a family name of Aunt Mary would crack her door slightly ajar and whisper to you. "Chile, get yo' self on in yeah." For that is an older and greater part of our heritage. From our local wars have emerged local wisdom, kindness, strength...

This is a dedication to those unlikely heroes and sheroes who continue to prevail in the zones. All the little things they have done have made a difference in many of our lives, especially in providing the security and promoting the healing. I'm writing as proof of that statement. I am alive and well and looking forward to living each minute. The nurturing, which came in a multitude of forms, from a lifted brow to a smile that played on the corners of someone's mouth, showed that they cared about my well-being. These deeds of goodness accumulated into a strength within me. But keeping this would be a selfish act, so I must pass these gifts on, this power; for each has given with their gifts a great responsibility.

REMEMBERING THE FUTURE: JOURNEY TOWARDS WHOLENESS

David Hicks

Prologue

I am on the train returning home from the University of Brighton where I've just been External Examiner for an MPhil on peace education. I ponder the irony that, as director of the Global Futures Project, my own future involves becoming unemployed next week. I'm not just on the margins of an institution, a place I'm used to being, I appear to be falling off the edge. How did I get to such a place? A series of 'snapshots' crosses my mind's eye.

Seven glimpses

* A small baby being carried downstairs by his father in the middle of the night. He is laid on a table and wrapped in a green check blanket. The house is full of fear as the air raid siren wails in the adjacent street. The fear of being bombed, of being buried alive in an East Anglian town in 1943.

* A young boy in a classroom being chastised by a teacher for talking. He remembers the angry women who punished him at primary school, now it is aggressive male teachers at this English grammar school who offer him violence as well. He is constantly in trouble, lives in fear of most lessons.

* A student sitting in his small study at a college of education in London. He is surrounded by friends who are trying to persuade him to come out for a drink. What he actually wants is to be left in peace to meditate. They are intrigued by, but make fun of, his interest in Buddhism and esoteric philosophy.

* A classroom in Gloucestershire on a sunny spring day. A young teacher stands at the blackboard teaching about current trouble spots in the

world. On the wall a map of the Middle East and pictures from a colour magazine about the war in Vietnam. A pupil complains "This isn't Geography!"

- A young family are encamped with hundreds of others on the coast of Scotland with one of the Greenpeace vessels standing offshore. These activists have come from all over the country to protest at the construction of a nuclear power station and to support those preparing to occupy the site.

- A room full of teachers reflecting on what education for peace means for them. They are working in small groups, sharing their experiences, as part of an in-service course at a college of education in the north of England. The organiser moves from group to group moved by their commitment and enthusiasm.

- A summer school for teachers in Nova Scotia. Participants have come from many parts of the province to explore ways of putting both a global dimension and a futures perspective in their work. The week is intense and many feel transformed by the experience. The convenor feels the facilitator wrought some kind of 'magic' with the group.

Looking backwards

If I had glimpsed any of these scenes before they actually occurred I think my response would have been "What, me!" Yet looking backwards they make sense, part of my thread of becoming. I can see how each scene was enfolded in what came before, like a seed waiting the right time to fruit.

My personal life and my professional life have always been inextricably intertwined, sometimes for better and sometimes for worse. Peace and conflict have always been the twin themes, both inner and outer, different sides of the same coin - myself in the world, the world in myself. And I have often felt a strong sense of my destiny, knowing just what I needed to do next.

Learning to resist

I was born during the darkest days of World War Two in Ipswich, the county town of Suffolk. It must have been an awful time for my parents, my twin and I imbibing their fear and anxiety even before we were born. I arrived prematurely and my brother died soon after birth. I thus lost the close travelling companion I expected to have with me. So several of my life themes were there right from the start: a fascination with the nature of war, a longing for peace and security, a tendency to do things alone, an obsession with good timing.

Childhood

My first clear memories as a baby are of being carried down into the air raid shelter in the garden during the war. In particular the siren filled me with such terror that not until I was thirty could I hear one without an automatic shiver of fear.

I was quite clear what I felt about school after the first morning, declaring it was nice but I didn't need to go back in the afternoon. The problem, as the teachers saw it, was that I was both talkative and had a loud voice. This constantly got me into trouble with the mostly women teachers who tried to shout, bellow and slap me into submission. My mother always described me as "highly strung." Years later an aunt commented on how strictly I had been brought up. I had never realised I was. I put both my anarchist tendencies and my strong sense of injustice down to those childhood experiences, particularly at school.

Secondary school

Grammar school was even worse. Here several of the male teachers regularly tried to threaten, shout, humiliate and beat me into submission. I learnt to survive through solidarity with my peers and a well developed sense of humour. I experienced a lot of fear and terror at that good English grammar school.

Not until I was sixteen did teachers leave me in peace to enjoy my education. In particular I grew to love geography and English literature, mainly because of three teachers who really knew their craft well. So I came to love this world and finding out about how it was formed and how it worked. I loved doing fieldwork and getting to know an area of countryside well.

The first turning point came in the summer when I left school at eighteen. Walking with my friend Patrick in the country we pondered the meaning of life, whether God and evil existed or not. I think we imagined we would find the answers to these questions in just a few months. I had been brought up as a member of the Church of England, had even been a choir boy, but now found such Christianity far too narrow and hypocritical.

Quest for meaning

University of Exeter

So I left school in 1960 to read geography at the University of Exeter. It felt good to be getting away from home and from Ipswich. Devon was a revelation of beauty with its hills and woods and I lived on a farm in the Exe valley, which I really loved. What continued to concern me most, however, was the meaning of life.

Appalled at what I read about the superpower arms race and the likely consequences of nuclear war I joined the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. As a result of my nuclear nightmares, from which there seemed no escape, I fell into deep despair and disillusionment. Then, one night at the Film Society, I saw Resnais' film 'Night and Fog,' a graphic and harrowing portrayal of the Nazi concentration camps. As I watched the bulldozers pushing piles of emaciated bodies into mass graves I felt as if I had gone over the edge into the abyss.

Cycling home that night by the river I was overcome by tears of utter despair. There seemed no way out. But, even as I wept, I realised that the only thing I could do was to work to make the world a better place. It was a simple, perhaps even simplistic, realisation but a powerful one. My sense of mission in this life dates from then.

My mid-term exam results were bad and I spent the rest of that year not studying geography but sitting in the library reading modern English literature, philosophy, comparative religion, and exploring various esoteric fields. I left university at the end of a year which had been a major turning point for me.

Borough Road College

So then I spent three years at a college of education in London. Now the West London Institute of Higher Education, it was then called Borough Road College and an institution for men only. The urban scene, suburbia, the traffic, the grime, hurt my soul after the beauties of Devon. For three years I studied geography and English there and trained as a secondary teacher.

I also immersed myself in comparative religion, mysticism, theosophy, parapsychology, spiritualism, anything interesting that came to hand. The real loves of my life then were Buddhism, Zen and Taoism. My favourite books were D.T. Suzuki's Zen and Japanese Culture and Kerouac's Dharma Bums.

I left college in 1964 to get married to my childhood sweetheart and to take up my first teaching post. I was clear that I wanted to use my Geography teaching to help students make sense of important issues in the world around them.

Classroom action

Gloucestershire

My first teaching post was at a small rural secondary school just outside Gloucester. I was fascinated at this time by books that gave potted backgrounds to world trouble spots. Lessons on issues such as the Arab-Israeli conflict, the war in Vietnam, the arms race, and issues of global wealth and poverty, were an on-going element in my teaching.

As a young teacher my analysis of such issues was somewhat simplistic. It was still a major breakthrough that anything was being taught about global issues at all. So I gained a lot of confidence in my subject and learnt my craft in the Severn valley, the Cotswold hills and the Forest of Dean. I loved it all and especially the cottage where we lived deep in the country.

I ran the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme at the school and particularly enjoyed teaching map reading and camping skills and taking groups on walking expeditions. I gained my Mountain Leadership Certificate and could then take groups to really wild areas. I taught them to be self-sufficient, to take an interest in the terrain they traversed, to feel at home on the fells, to be safe in all weather conditions. I could now pass on my own love of the countryside, hills and mountains, to others.

Having left college with only a Teacher's Certificate it become obvious that, if I wished for promotion, I needed a degree. I thus registered as an external student with London University and studied for several years in my spare time. I finally obtained my Geography BA in 1970, which coincided with the move to my next job.

Norfolk

From a small rural school I went to a larger one in a town and as a Head of Department. Again I was able to indulge my curriculum interests and produce a syllabus that included orienteering in the local forest and the study of local and global issues. I enjoyed running a department and taking students to the Lake District for their Duke of Edinburgh's Award expedition. I marvelled that some people were actually lucky enough to be there. But other interests were beginning to blossom too.

It began with a TV documentary on environmental issues called 'Tomorrow has been canceled due to lack of interest.' It wasn't going to be if I had anything to do with it! Encouraged by my wife, a colleague and I set up Thetford Environmental Action Group. We campaigned on a wide range of issues from recycling and pollution of the local river to waste dumping and urban redevelopment. We were able to make some impact since it was a small town and achieved several successes. It gave me a taste for campaigning, organising, engaging in social and political action, working directly to make my bit of the world a better place.

Engaging with environmental issues lead directly to my increasing politicisation. In particular I became interested in grassroots activism and the history and philosophy of anarchism. My heart still leaps when I read:

> There is nothing integral to the nature of human social organisation that makes hierarchy, centralisation and elitism inescapable. These organizational forms persist, in part because they serve the interests of those at the top. They persist, too, because we have learned to accept roles of leadership and followership...Revolution is a process, and even the eradication of coercive institutions will not automatically create a liberatory society. We create that society by building new institutions, by changing the character of our social relationships, by changing ourselves - and throughout that process by changing the distribution of power in society. (1)

During my last year of teaching I came across the work of the World Studies Project run by Robin Richardson for the One World Trust in London. I was enormously impressed by his experiential and participatory approach to learning, his resources for teachers and, especially, the amazing workshops he ran. (2) Three of the chief influences on his work then were Carl Rogers, Paolo Freire and Johan Galtung. At a conference Robin organised in 1974, called 'Only One Earth,' I remember thinking that if I had any ambition in life it was to be actively involved with just such events. Seven years later I would be!

After ten years of teaching in schools I wanted a change and it came with a short-term post at Charlotte Mason College of Education. So we moved with our two young sons to Cumbria, another quantum leap in my life, this time into higher education and the mountains of the Lake District. It was to be a critical period of education, research and action for me.

Education, research and action

Broadening interests

At the college of education I was the geographer in the Environmental Studies department and the Social Studies team. In particular I was responsible for a course on environmental problems which I researched and taught with great gusto. It was at this time that I began writing, initially about some of the courses that I had been teaching.

Soon after arriving in Cumbria I become concerned about the nuclear waste reprocessing plant on the coast at Windscale and, at an anti-nuclear meeting in Lancaster, I met Paul Smoker who ran the Peace and Conflict Programme at the university. When my contract finished at Charlotte Mason College in the mid-70s I arranged to do my MSc with him. My long standing interest in peace research and peace education was about to begin.

I decided to investigate the extent to which a global perspective was present within initial teacher education courses in the UK. To my excitement I found that all sorts of interesting things were going on with tutors often drawing on the work of development educators and the World Studies Project. Both approaches proposed a radical person-centered pedagogy closely allied to that of peace education.

In 1977 I attended the International Peace Research Association conference held in Stockholm, meeting Betty Reardon, Magnus Haavelsrud and

Robert Aspeslagh. And, for the first time, I had to face the issues being raised by the women's movement. This began a long and often painful process of examining my own oppressive role in supporting patriarchal structures. It made me look at my own relationships and attitudes to gender with a much sharper insight.

My MSc was completed in the same year and, as a result of the survey, I unexpectedly found myself considered an authority on world studies and development education. My next job was as the first Education Officer for the Minority Rights Group in London. Whilst I had a national brief I could work from home in Cumbria. I also stayed registered with the university for my PhD.

Thus began three enormously busy years and ones which took their toll on the family. Working for the Minority Rights Group took me into the field of multicultural education. The fruits of this work were published as Minorities: A Teacher's Resource Book for the Multi-ethnic Curriculum. (3) In particular I became interested in the issue of racist bias in teaching materials. It was a topic which geographers had rarely touched on so my doctoral research was an examination of the nature of such bias in UK geography textbooks. It drew on a peace research pedagogy and I was fortunate to have Adam Curle, then Professor of Peace Studies at the University of Bradford, as my external examiner.

Anti-nuclear action

During this period I also continued my environmental activism, particularly against the nuclear waste reprocessing plant at Windscale. Plans were afoot for a major expansion of the Windscale plant and my friend Edward suggested a petition calling for a public enquiry. At very short notice thousands of signatures were collected and delivered to the Department of the Environment in London. On the way back we decided to set up a Network for Nuclear Concern to link up all the anti-nuclear groups in our part of north-west England.

Groups were far flung and often suspicious of possible attempts to 'organise' them, but the Network came to play an important part in coordinating opposition to the Windscale expansion and presenting evidence at the eventual public enquiry. Innumerable meetings were held and actions carried out. They were powerful days, appealing in particular to my anarchist and oppositional tendencies. I realise now, as a result of my therapy, how the faceless men of British Nuclear Fuels felt just like those adults who had oppressed me as a child. They too were threatening my existence. So we organised, networked, campaigned, learnt about non-violent direct action, and suffered the inevitable burnout.

One of the most exciting things I gained from those days was the solidarity and companionship I experienced working with a small group of committed friends. There were about a dozen of us, including children, and we used to live together for the weekends when we met. We talked, argued, played, celebrated, worked and struggled together, experienced great moments of community.

Teacher education

After completing my PhD I needed a change. I was both very committed to, and inspired by, the concerns of peace research and peace education and wanted to promote these approaches within initial teacher education. The most obvious thing to do seemed to be to set up and run a new project to achieve this goal. I secured funding and a base for this at St Martin's College of Higher Education in Lancaster and launched two major initiatives. These were the Centre for Peace Studies, which ran from 1980-89, and the World Studies 8-13 project which is still in existence. Both were to become nationally and internationally known during the eighties.

The Centre for Peace Studies

During its nine year lifespan the Centre was a unique initiative in the UK. The aims of the Centre were: i) to promote within education awareness of issues relating to peace and conflict; ii) to interpret and clarify the existing educational responses to such issues, viz. education for peace, world studies, multicultural education, development education and education for international understanding; iii) to clarify the role of, and identify the priorities for, curriculum innovation in these fields at both primary and secondary level.

When the Centre first opened interest in education for peace per se amongst teachers was negligible. However, within a very short period, escalation of the nuclear arms race saw a growing debate about what teachers should, or should not, be teaching in the classroom. This initial concern resulted in peace education being, for some, very narrowly defined. Much of the Centre's work focused on giving educators a much broader definition of peace and conflict. Interest in peace education suddenly began to blossom as Teachers For Peace groups sprang up and working parties were set up by teachers' unions and Local Education Authorities.

In 1984, and again in 1986 during the International Year of Peace, I was invited to Australia by John Fien from Brisbane. On both occasions I lectured and ran workshops in several states and found a flourishing interest in peace education. I was very impressed by the work of people such as John, Toh Swee-Hin, Frank Hutchinson, as well as many others. John's main interests were in geography, environmental education and social studies and he played a major part in radicalising these areas of the curriculum. (5) It was good to know I was part of a global network of educators working to promote peace education.

At this time I served on and advised several Local Education Authority working parties on peace education, including those for Manchester and Lancashire. Important links were made with issues of gender and race and I was particularly impressed by Betty Reardon's book Sexism and the War System. (6) Attacks from the political Right, however, began to increase in intensity. They argued that 'peace studies' was an initiative from the Left, backed by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, bent on indoctrinating pupils into anti-nuclear activities. Much of my time was spent assuring teachers, school governors and others that this was not in fact the case.

Visits to Canada in 1986 and 1988 led to further contacts with peace educators from North America and elsewhere. At the fourth International Institute for Peace Education in Edmonton I was inspired again by the work of Toh Swee-Hin, Virginia Floresca-Cawagas, Betty Reardon and Terry Carson. I realised that peace education in the UK now lagged behind developments in Canada and Australia. Also around this time I met Joanna Macy and, after attending a ten-day intensive for trainers, became very interested in her work on despair, empowerment and deep ecology. (7) An important outcome from all of this was the first UK handbook on peace education in 1988. (8)

In an outline history of the Centre I wrote:

> Over the course of its busy nine years existence the Centre certainly partially achieved its aims as set out in 1980...In particular the Centre gave legitimation to an important field of educational endeavour just when it was needed. Not only did it give legitimation, it also offered clarification of the field, both in terms of theory and practice...The

> Centre was also responsible for pioneering experiential and participatory models of in-service in peace education, drawing very much on the insights gained in the longer history of world studies and development education...While (the Centre) may have been unique in its focus and national role, it was one of many ongoing ventures at this period." (9)

By 1989 the educational scene had drastically changed. Continued attacks on humanistic and radical approaches to teaching, coupled with the introduction of Thatcher's new National Curriculum, resulted in a shift towards both more formal methods and a more standardised curriculum. Peace education per se became totally marginalised within schools. It felt as if I needed a different way forward.

World Studies 8-13

For the first three years this project for children in the eight to thirteen age range was jointly directed by myself and Simon Fisher who had taken over Robin Richardson's work at the One World Trust. World studies is a shorthand term used in the UK for global education. It is closely allied to, but has broader interests than, development education. The themes we chose to work with were: ourselves and others, rich and poor, peace and conflict, our environment, and the world tomorrow.

Initially the project worked with pilot schools in Cumbria and Avon, developing teaching materials and refining a participatory and experiential approach to in-service work. Many teachers felt that world studies was a more acceptable and less controversial term than peace education. The project attracted interest from a large number of Local Education Authorities. Each Authority appointed a project co-ordinator who was then responsible for promoting world studies in their area. The detailed stages in the evolution of the project have been described elsewhere. (10)

Eventually the project had a network of contacts in fifty LEAs, i.e. half those in England and Wales. The most popular of the project's publications has been World Studies 8-13: A Teacher's Handbook. (11) This has now sold over 20,000 copies and recently been translated into Japanese. The visits to Australia and Canada proved that world studies approaches were popular in other educational contexts as well. Contact with the Co-operative Movement in Education through Adriana de Rossi also led to work with teachers in Italy.

The political Right launched less forceful attacks against world studies than those against peace education but soon turned their attention elsewhere. As the Conservative government's new National Curriculum began to tighten its hold, the project's second publication for teachers, Making Global Connections, came out. Like its predecessor it was full of practical classroom activities. (12) When the Centre for Peace Studies closed in 1989 the project moved to the Manchester Metropolitan University where, now in its thirteenth year, it is directed by Miriam Steiner. (13)

World Studies 8-13 proved to be one of the most innovative curriculum projects of the eighties and its success lay in the principles and procedures that it used, i.e. those of peace education. It showed how local and global issues were related, it acknowledged the experience and expertise of teachers and worked with them in a person-centered way. It produced materials that were practical and fun to use, it excited both teachers and pupils, it made learning interesting and dealt with issues of immediate interest in the real world.

The project's external evaluator felt that the main weaknesses in world studies was its diffuseness of focus for teachers. Because of its cross-curicular approach it appealed more to primary teachers and less to subject orientated secondary teachers. Subsequent follow-up work also suggested that teachers were more likely to stay with the student-centered pedagogy than the focus on global issues.

When faced with the thought of the tenth year of World Studies 8-13, I felt daunted. I didn't think it would be good for me or the project! My own interests were increasingly focussed on the need for a clear futures dimension in the curriculum as well as a global one.

Alternative futures

My own life had changed dramatically during the previous few years. I was now in a new relationship and exploring in individual and group therapy the origin and nature of my inner wounds and the many ways in which they affected my everyday life. I become increasingly interested in eco-feminist perspectives, from both South and North, (14) and any ventures which attempted to draw the personal, the political and the spiritual together. I did not like them so often being seen as separate, for my experience was that they were intertwined.

Starhawk's Dreaming the Dark, which drew together issues of spirituality, sexuality, community and non-violent direct action, served to reinforce that which I so strongly felt. (15) I was also particularly interested in both the role of critical social movements in creating change (16) and the suggestion that we might be witnessing a major shift of paradigm in the western world. Milbrath's Envisioning a Sustainable Society detailed the move away from what he called the Dominant Social Paradigm to the New Environmental Paradigm. (17) I was able to put some of this into my work with teachers but not as often as I wished.

London

In 1989 I returned to London to start a new project at the University of London Institute of Education and to undertake a two-year part-time course on Facilitator Styles at the University of Surrey.

I had for a long time been feeling that my facilitation skills had evolved in a makeshift way rather than from any particular training. I wanted to deepen my knowledge and the course at Guildford seemed an excellent opportunity to do this. It combined practical training in facilitation skills with a wide-ranging exploration of different approaches to therapy and counselling. (18) It was exhausting, exhilarating, and soul-wrenching, but by the end of it I was much clearer about who I was and what my skills were.

At the University of London Institute of Education I set up the Global Futures Project, with funding from the World Wide Fund for Nature UK. I had thought long about what I wanted to do after the World Studies 8-13 project and what constantly caught my attention was the notion of futures education. In world studies we had argued that the spatial dimension in the curriculum emphasised the local and national at the expense of the global. We also stressed the importance of exploring the interrelationships between local, national and global.

Time and space are the two major coordinates of human existence. On the temporal dimension we find the past and the present given most attention and the future neglected. There is temporal as well as a spatial imbalance in the curriculum. The innumerable inter-relationships between past, present and future also need high-lighting. The question I put to teachers is "If all education is for the future where is the future studied in education?" In schools any interest in the future is generally implicit rather than explicit and often draws on very restricted and stereotyped imagery.

The early days of the new project involved exploring the futures field to see what would be of direct use to teachers. My task of 'interpreter' between two worlds felt familiar, something I had already done with global issues. How do I persuade busy teachers that something as unknowable as the future can be explored in the classroom? (19) My particular interest is in how to explore the nature of more just and sustainable futures. But to do this teachers and pupils need to develop a new vocabulary of futures-orientated thinking. The state of the planet, probable futures, preferable futures, sustainable development, paradigm shift: these are not topics found in a conservative National Curriculum!

My interest in drawing together the personal, political and spiritual, was reinforced by working with Joanna Macy and radical theologian Matthew Fox at Findhorn in 1991. I was one of a group of facilitators for a nine-day event entitled 'Death and Resurrection of Self, Society and World: A Deep Ecology Passion Week.' From the conference brochure:

> The cycle of dissolution and regeneration is as old as time. In the Christian tradition the Paschal Mysteries assume planetary dimensions today, as we see our social institutions begin to die and our Earth itself play the role of Christ crucified...In the time of Spring renewal, Christian and nonChristian alike will take the symbolic journey of the Easter Passion Week together, on two levels – personal and planetary...Our experience will be enriched by non-Christian traditions as well – Jewish, Pagan, Buddhist, Sufi, Native American.

I felt I was coming full-circle in some way, that all my interests were approaching some sort of synthesis at last. Joanna spoke of facing our pain and despair in the face of planetary issues. Matthew spoke of cosmology, our spiritual traditions and the need to confront injustice. (20)

Bath

Later that year I left London to live on my own in Bath, Aquae Sulis of old. I moved the Global Futures Project to Bath College of Higher Education and was glad to be out of the city. I completed two books for the World Wide Fund for Nature. (21) The first, Educating for the Future: A Practical Classroom Guide, is a resource book for teachers, the second, Preparing for the Future: Notes and Queries for Concerned Educators, a collection of key readings on alternative futures. I do find the futures field such an exciting one to explore! (22)

It is much more difficult now to work with teachers due to the many financial and curriculum restraints on schools. But there is no one else working on the futures dimension of the school curriculum in the UK and I would like the Global Futures Project to run up to the millennium! I have also been able to work in Italy and Canada and greatly enjoyed running summer schools with David Ferns in Nova Scotia.

For the first time since the late seventies, however, I now found myself without finance and thus unemployed. I suspect that my failure to secure funding was a result of several factors: the recession, the National Curriculum, and the apparent diffuseness (sound familiar?) of futures education. I still believe, however, that 'the future' will become the flavour of the month as we approach the turning point of the millennium. There is a certain irony about the uncertainty of my own future, but it accords with the times.

When I moved to Bath I had not realised that the hot springs were a major Celtic sacred site. My flat, I discovered, lies within the ancient Roman temple precinct sacred to the goddess Sulis-Minerva. She traditionally mediates the powers of the Otherworld for the benefit of humanity, gives advice and help, aids clear thinking, offers wisdom and healing. It feels an appropriate place to be.

Since coming to Bath I have become even more interested in my own native spiritual traditions, in particular that of Celtic shamanism. (23) Its insistence on the sacredness of the land and the need for its healing echoes some of the deepest urgings I have felt all my life. It is compatible with both deep ecology and creation spirituality. The Earth needs healing, our relationship with the Earth needs healing. We ourselves need healing and our relationships with each other.

Epilogue

Connecting the threads

What sense do I make of this inner and outer journey? What are the connecting threads and how are they related? My basic life-pattern was laid down during my childhood and adolescence in the 40s and 50s. My experiences at school led to a heightened sense of injustice and a dislike of mindless authority. My Church of England up-bringing and my parents' conservatism led me to reject traditional explanations of life, both religious and political. Above all in my youth I learnt about resistance. I learnt to be critical, to keep asking the awkward questions. And through enjoying geography at school I learnt to love this planet.

As a young student this lead to an on-going search for life's meaning, a spiritual quest that preoccupied me for most of the 60s. Faced with the evils that I witnessed around me I could see no other course of action than to try and make the world a better place. Herein lay the seeds of my later concern for justice, equality and peace. I became a geography teacher, taught my students to both love the land and to explore local and global issues.

The 70s saw my move into teacher education and post-graduate research. In particular it was a decade of politicisation for me through involvement with the environmental, the anti-nuclear, and the women's movements. I began writing and broadened my geographical interests to embrace environmental studies, world studies, development education and multi-cultural education.

The 80s was a period of synthesis, putting world studies and peace education on the national map in a practical and creative way. It was also a time of personal growth as I learnt about my self through individual and group therapy. My spiritual interests resurfaced via ecofeminism and the renaissance of the ancient Goddess religion. Increasingly I felt aware of the links between the personal, political, spiritual and planetary.

In the 90s I have focused less on problems and more on the directions and visions that we need in order to create a more just and sustainable future. Joanna Macy's deep ecology and Matthew Fox's creation spirituality combine several of my personal, planetary, political and spiritual concerns. Changing the world and changing myself go hand in hand. Outer and inner equity and justice can never be separated, even if many would wish them so.

What sustains me are my hopes and dreams for a more just and sustainable future, although I suspect that even as we resolve one problem others only emerge. And, as the anarchist slogan reminds us, the revolution is the journey not an end event. So I love my sons, feel supported by an international network of friends, and await my answer to Matthew Fox's question, "What work is the planet asking of us at this time in history?"

Fragmentation to wholeness

I am always interested in interfaces, the personal and political, the spiritual and planetary, the inner and outer. This is where growth occurs as we struggle to create synthesis. The dominant social paradigm in the Western world, with its mechanistic viewpoint, has taught us to see things as separate and unconnected. Therein lies our hubris as a species and our downfall. The emerging environmental paradigm, with its holistic perspective, argues that we must now start putting things back together again.

The journey of our times is one from fragmentation to wholeness, in ourselves and our relationships, both with each other and with non-human species. It is about ending the dis-membering and beginning the re-membering. It is a journey from personal and global separation and alienation towards true justice and community.

A hundred years ago, in the 1890s, William Morris, the great designer, writer and activist, struggled with his socialist comrades in Britain to create a better world – one which, in part, we have now inherited. Much of his passion was inspired by the long utopian tradition which reminds us that:

> (We) possess a unique capacity to...creatively imagine what we and the generations which come after us (may) become...The utopian imagination, at its most radical, invades the prevailing concept of reality, undermines certainties about what humans must always be like, and casts doubt upon the inevitabilities of the relations of everyday life. (24)

At heart, it is this 'imagination' which has sustained my work over the last three decades. It provides the rich ground in which both my personal beliefs and my political faith are rooted. Now, as we approach the millennium, it is even more important that we live as if we were experiments from that future which we so desire.

Notes

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3. Hicks, D. (1981) *Minorities: A Teacher's Resource Book for the Multi-ethnic Curriculum*, Heinemann Educational, London.

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19. Hicks, D. (1991) "Preparing for the millennium: reflections on the need for futures education." *Futures*, 23 (6).

20. Fox, M. (1991) *Creation Spirituality: Liberating Gifts for the Peoples of the Earth*, Harper, San Francisco.

21. Hicks, D. (1993) *Educating for the Future: A Practical Classroom Guide*, World Wide Fund for Nature UK; Hicks, D. ed. (1994) *Preparing for the Future: Notes and Queries for Concerned Educators*, Adamantine Press, London; from WWF UK, Weyside Park, Catteshall Lane, Godalming, Surrey GU7 1XR.

22. See for example Wagar, W. (1992) *The Next Three Futures: Paradigms of Things to Come*, Adamantine Press, London.

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THE BAMBOO SWAYS BUT NEVER BREAKS: A PERSONAL JOURNEY IN PEACE EDUCATION

Virginia Floresca-Cawagas

Living a nation's history

A few days after the snap presidential election in February 1986, the Catholic Bishops Conference of the Philippines (CBCP) issued a statement denouncing the election as unparalleled in its fraudulence. Two days later, Cory Aquino launched a 7-point campaign for civil disobedience to force Ferdinand Marcos to step down from the presidency. In the morning of Saturday, February 22, the Catholic Educational Association of the Philippines (CEAP) assembled in an emergency meeting to assess the message and intent of the CBCP statement and to tackle Cory's appeal for civil disobedience. For one whole day, some 200 CEAP school heads from all over the country deliberated on the CEAP's role, position, and plan of action vis-a-vis these two crucial issues. After a long and tenseful day, the CEAP decided to fully support Cory's appeal for a boycott as an expression of solidarity along with the Bishops' exhortation for a moral response to the post-election crisis. As a major first step, the CEAP decided to issue a public statement of its position. Being the Executive Secretary of the CEAP at that time, I stayed a while longer to draft this statement which I immediately released to the major dailies and weekly magazines (Malaya, Daily Inquirer, Veritas) that still had the courage to publish anti-Marcos press releases.

It was 7:00 o'clock in the evening when I accomplished this task. My oldest son and I then drove home with our car radio tuned to Radio Veritas. Suddenly a special news report interrupted the music announcing the defection of then Minister Juan Ponce Enrile and Gen. Fidel Ramos. The report said they were holed out at Camp Crame and Camp Aguinaldo with a handful of loyal soldiers. My son, a free-lance photographer and member of the strike force brigade of the NAMFREL Operation Quick Count during the snap election, raced through the city streets. Upon reaching home I started calling up reliable sources to verify the radio news report. At that time it was convenient to have contacts, friends, and relatives within the establishment who could confirm the "truth" behind the radio report. After a few phone calls, my son left for EDSA (the historical center of the 1986 Philippine "revolution") with his camera to capture on film the fateful events that transpired. From then on we would see each other only a few minutes each day as each member of my family went to our own chosen places to be part of the human barricade: EDSA, the CEAP office, Channel 4, Radio Veritas. During the day I stayed at the CEAP office to monitor communication with Board members and school heads who needed to contact food donors for the thousands of people gathered in EDSA. At night time I would join the human barricade in EDSA hoping and praying for a speedy and nonviolent ending of the Marcos regime. After four days Marcos and his family left the country. Filipinos and friends worldwide sang and danced in the streets in jubilation - the "enemy" is gone at last!

There are conflicting interpretations of the Philippine EDSA revolution but almost all assessments of the post-EDSA situation concur that the problems of Philippine society have not disappeared. The systems and structures that bred these problems are still very much entrenched. Street parliamentarians, grassroots movements, peace activists and educators came to the painful realization that the EDSA revolution was never really a conscious and systematic movement to bring about structural changes, but rather to liberate the Philippines from a corrupt political system.

The Cory government in its early phase was an uneasy coalition of human rights advocates, "left-leaning" politicians, 11th-hour converts (or former Marcos Allies), US-endorsed cabinet secretaries, and Aquino's party mates and allies during her electoral campaign. Despite the change of leaders, the socio-economic conditions and structures which allowed a privileged few to control the country's resources still continued to impose conditions of extreme poverty on the vast majority of Filipinos. Civil liberties were still violated and the poor and working class were hardly represented in government, even in the newly elected Congress.

In the end, the Aquino government was a "centrist" government devoted to some reforms but caught in the tension of balancing popular aspirations with traditional economic ideology and political interests. Truly progressive minds like Jose Diokno from the human rights advocates, Bobbit Sanchez from labor, Butch Abad from the Agrarian reform block, and Christine Tan from the urban poor group slowly disappeared from Cory's "inner sanctum" either by choice or through sheer political pressure. Other groups decided to break ties and regroup with the people's cause while some, like CEAP where I was visibly connected, opted to "work with" Cory.

For a brief period in the early days of the Cory government, I got close enough to observe the power struggle in a bureaucracy entrenched in nepotism and patronage politics. The new Secretary of Education during Cory's government, Lourdes Quisumbing, who was CEAP vice president at the time of her appointment to the cabinet, found herself dismantling human barricades in many state colleges and universities. In a matter of days after the flight of Marcos, people's power sprouted in state campuses either to seek the ouster of corrupt and abusive university presidents or the retention of the good ones. In one of her trips to Mindanao (southern Philippines), Quisumbing invited me to join her since I had been to the area a few times to visit several CEAP schools. I was then temporarily acting as one of her technical consultants, concurrently with my role as Executive Secretary of the CEAP.

All three institutions we visited had human barricades composed of teachers, students, parents, and community people sympathetic with the teachers' cause. But the image that touched me deeply was the story at the last school (an agricultural college) which we reached after an hour helicopter ride. As Secretary Quisumbing alighted from the helicopter, she was met by a cheering crowd of about 200 villagers – some Christians, some Muslims, and some belonging to the ethnic tribes dressed in their traditional clothes. We were told later that it was the first time in the history of the community that they were ever visited by an official of the national government. During the dialogue, the head of the Tiruray tribe described how they were driven from their land through a Presidential decree because the land was needed to build an agricultural college; how they had to retreat to the mountains; and how slowly their people have died because of the harshness of life in the wilderness. As the dialogue went on, tears rolled down the cheeks of the old and the young, the Christians and the non-Christians, the farmers and the teachers. When Secretary Quisumbing promised to bring their case to President Aquino, their faces lighted up and more tears rolled down, this time of gratitude and hope.

The last I heard about this issue from the Secretary was conveyed in sadness and almost hopelessness – the case was in the docket waiting for the justice system to grind it out at a pace dictated by convenience and political interventions. Another demonstration of the well-entrenched pattern of societal relationships which continually pushes aside the tribal communities and treats them as expendables in society! The weaker people can be sacrificed, their land and homes can be appropriated for the sake of progress for the dominant cultures. Moreover, the stronger find no qualms about using or exploiting the weaker for their purposes, whether on a micro or macro level. Nevertheless, in the face of such powerful forces of domination and internal colonialism, the indigenous peoples remain hopeful as they struggle for justice and cultural survival.

EDSA, when it happened, awakened hopes and renewed energies in many ordinary Filipinos. Nearly a decade later it is too easy to feel frustrated or cynical about the slow pace of change and even reversals of promises. But for peace educators, such disempowerment would be a betrayal of the hopes and commitment rekindled on the streets of Manila in February 1986. EDSA opened up a democratic space, and all Filipinos who are moved to educate and act for a more just, peaceful, and sustainable world need to keep that space open. Indeed even before EDSA, in the most repressive days of the Marcos dictatorship, many Filipinos were already tracking a path of hope and justice. In my own slow journey, I have certainly learned much and been inspired by the exemplars and struggles, including contradictions, of such enduring Filipinos.

Imprints of the past

News about the surrender of the Japanese army towards the end of the second world war spread quickly in the villages. People tensely and silently awaited the unfolding of each day praying for the Japanese occupation to end. The rampaging of the retreating Japanese soldiers had created extreme fear specially among the womenfolk, after hearing horrible stories about how young and old women alike were being raped and abused. Long after the war, this story has been told to us, the children and the rest of the clan, many times over; but it never failed to stir ambivalent emotions of fear, understanding, and faith in the human capacity to choose life over death, peace over violence.

My mother was a young married woman with two very young children, I, barely able to walk and my younger brother whom she was still nursing in her arms. The shock came quite unexpectedly. Two Japanese officials barged into the house and ordered my mother and another aunt, both carrying babies, to go with them to the barracks. My father took me in his arms and we followed the soldiers and my mother. Halfway to the camp at the middle of the rice fields the soldiers motioned my father to go back. We stopped but followed the rest of the group as soon as they started walking. This was repeated many times over but my father and I would not leave my mother. Then the soldiers pointed and cocked their guns at my father. At that moment, my mother, my aunt, myself and my father, we all knelt on the ground, bent our heads, prayed for God's blessing and waited for the burst of firepower. My father used to say, it must have been only a few seconds but it felt like eternity: there was no gunshot. Then he heard a loud command - go, all of you, go home! We looked up to see the two soldiers uncock their guns and walk briskly back to their barracks. What "miracle" made the two Japanese soldiers change their minds? At what point did the "good" nature overcome the violent one? Did a divine power intervene? These remain unanswerable questions, although they yield a profound lesson in my journey of peace education, namely never to underestimate the power of the spirit in the wider projects of societal and global transformation.

A number of lessons I learned from my father: fairness, courage and integrity. My father had a reputation of "fighting for the underdog." But to him it was not just rooting for the victim. His sense of justice was very strong. He always felt that those who had more in life, whether power or wealth or knowledge, had a responsibility to share with those who had less. As a Bureau of Internal Revenue officer, he could have easily enriched himself like most of his colleagues, but his commitment to integrity and justice meant that he died a relatively poor man. It was through his eyes and words that I became aware of differences between rich and poor, landowner and laborer, the powerful and the powerless. He always admonished us, his children, to "Never avoid or run away from a problem. Face it. Turn it upside down until you get to the root cause." This strength I've tried to pass on to my three children, more by example, as we struggled together through some very difficult moments in our domestic life. Although I've managed to act as he would have done in times of conflict, I found out through the years that it was much easier to face up to a professional or work-related problem than my own personal crisis. My father died fifteen years ago but during many occasions of private crisis I've prayed for his guidance to help me through the conflict.

My mother complemented my father's temperament and personality in many ways. She always maintained her composure at the height of a major family crisis or a serious community problem. Thus even as I learned to be assertive and courageous through my father's example, I was also made to understand and accept the importance of being in command of emotions – not giving in to hysteria or undignified public outbursts. My mother, like all her brothers and sisters, was educated all through grade school and college by Belgian missionaries. Expectedly we all grew up with a strong Catholic upbringing, which I have found both a source of strength as well as a formidable obstacle in living the value of justice and compassion. Most times I found myself conforming to patriarchal traditions and practices as dictated by the Church and the clan, rather than questioning underlying values and assumptions that were actually more unChristian than Christian. But it was also through my mother's modeling that I found solace and strength in prayer, in a spirituality rooted in faith in a Creator of justice and compassion.

In growing up, my concerns were never focussed on academic achievement. My sisters, brothers, and I all grew up and went to school in a small town in Northern Philippines. While it is the expectation of every Filipino parent to have their children not only become educated but also to "excel", my parents never pressured us to compete. Being the oldest in a family of seven, I was shown at an early age what it meant to share and assume responsibility for the security and happiness of the family. Because of this trusting and nurturing home environment, my brothers, sisters, and I opted to make our school an open field where other interests and talents could flourish. Perhaps the complementary influence of my parents, which most of their children have imbibed, has contributed immensely to the way we developed as natural "leaders" within the school. I can almost see the beam of pride in my parents' eyes every time they went up to the stage during the traditional, annual "Awards Night" to accept commendation for their children's "Leadership Award", "Writer's Award", or once in a while an "Excellence Award." But to me the most remarkable aspect of my years in school was the opportunity to grow up together with young girls and boys whose bonds of friendship are still kept alive today after almost three decades. In school I learned to value relationships more than achievements. School then was much more of an extended family whose members were concerned about learning together rather than competing to excel. I could almost say it was a peaceful school, except for the fact that military training was part of the curriculum.

Philippine Military Training (PMT), as embodied in the National Defense Act requires every high school student, male or female, to undergo military training. We never understood why girls aged 12 to 16 should be trained to fall into military formation, execute military commands, and mark time to the tune of an American army march. Boys did the same things but in addition, carried wooden guns and ran around the field simulating war conditions. Yet (at the age of 16, for most of us) we obediently fulfilled all requirements for a complete preparatory military training.

In the university, a younger brother and I became editors of our university paper, an interest which we are still both actively engaged in. It was when my younger brother was editor of the paper of the largest university in the Philippines that the "storm of the first quarter moon" broke out. He was among the thousands of university students who staked their lives and career to awaken the Filipinos' and the world's consciousness about the corrupt and repressive Marcos government. I was then a young high school principal of a private college run by the Columban fathers, in a town near the United States naval station. While the general population of the town was primarily dependent on the US naval base for jobs and auxiliary income, and while the top local officials were Marcos supporters, it was not difficult to find allies in the school community who were willing to challenge the Marcos regime. Together with two young teachers who were ex-seminarians, we joined a few determined Columban priests in their efforts to enlighten the people to the political and economic realities throughout the country. We sponsored forums where issues of development, poverty, and justice were discussed. But this opportunity was short-lived. Martial law was soon declared, the Congress was abolished, and all political opposition leaders were imprisoned. On the political front, everything was muted; even my brother in the university felt the impossibility of a continued open resistance. He became a "regular student" while he continued to write harmless things in order to survive. Other students and university professors went underground.

I continued to teach in the college and administer the high school as creatively as I could under the existing political climate. In my school, faculty meetings were converted into forums and dialogues; academic excellence was no longer the sole gauge of "success"; more vocational subjects were offered and encouraged; the school newspaper became a medium for students' expression of their talents, interests, and aspirations. I even tried to influence the Parent Teachers Association (PTA) to convert into a partnership for creating a peaceful school community. But gradually the young, idealistic, and progressive teachers left one after the other. To this day however, I still get in touch with two of them: Joey Pareja who is now Director of an urban peasants group and Sr. Cresencia who is presently the spokesperson for the Task Force Detainees of the Philippines.

It was also during this period that I came to know quite well two priests whose friendship I still hold to this day. Fr. Dave Clay, who was for a while the Director of the College and parish priest of the town became my spiritual friend and counselor helping me through some of my most difficult struggles in challenging patriarchy in the home and in the community. Fr. Dave is now director of the Asian Center for Personal Peace based in Manila. The other priest is Fr. Teodoro Bacani, a young progressive diocesan priest who has now become an auxiliary bishop of Manila, one of the most visible church dignitaries in the Philippine Catholic Church today. During those years, there was probably more agreement regarding our perspective and interpretation of justice, peace, and compassion than today. These days I try to have occasional dialogues with Bishop Ted about a wide range of social and political issues. While I find him a man with a good heart and a brilliant mind, he is much too preoccupied in defending the Church in its effort to preserve traditions and the hierarchy. Indeed, despite its official commitment to social justice and peace, a significant part of the Church's policies and practices fail to lend institutional empowerment towards challenging ongoing structures of oppression and injustice. This is manifested, for example, in the failure of the Bishops' eloquent Pastoral Letter for saving the Philippine environment to sufficiently catalyze the clergy and laity to prevent ecological destruction.

After almost a decade as a high school principal and instructor in a small college complex, I received a scholarship for a masters degree in educational administration at De La Salle University.

My days at De la Salle were a complex mixture of serious academic work and occasions for establishing relationships with new friends and colleagues, a number of whom will have some significant influence in the direction of my personal and professional journey. Little did I know then that my life would be charted along the spheres of work and influence of two of my professors: Bro. Rolando Dizon, president of La Salle Greenhills and Dr. Lourdes Quisumbing, president of Maryknoll College (now Miriam College). Also while I made some lasting personal friendships with a number of my colleagues in the graduate program, the friendship I forged with

Mercy Contreras was continually reinforced as we found ourselves, years after De La Salle, dedicated to a similar vision of a more just and peaceful Philippines. She evolved into a peace and justice activist, being actively engaged in the human rights movement as the spokesperson of the Philippine Alliance of Human Rights Advocates, while I immersed myself in peace education.

Immediately after finishing my masters degree I took on the job of Director of the Center for Educational Research of La Salle Greenhills. Bro. Rolando Dizon, who was then president, had a vision of transforming this very exclusive and elitist school of boys into a community with a mission for justice and social responsibility. The Center was to facilitate the formulation of a five-year development plan to pursue this mission and to coordinate the development of modules for teaching about social responsibility across all learning areas and levels. The work was not only professionally challenging; on many occasions I found some fulfillment in being able to infuse my concepts and values of a just community while challenging practices that contradicted the goals of social responsibility. While the Center was able to produce a number of modules which were then used in the La Salle community, there were many frustrating moments of hypocrisy when the contradiction between avowed values of compassion and social justice and the practices of individual administrators and teachers put to a test the whole value of the program. I kept searching for glimmers of hope from individual teachers who chose to participate in a journey for change but I failed to realize then that to undertake that first step towards change one must be willing to move away from a paradigm of materialism, competition, excellence, and hierarchy – a world view that has engulfed a great majority of the La Sallian community. Happily I found some allies even in this environment – in Bro. Dizon who never despaired, and in a few teachers who shared the vision and whose friendship I rekindle every time I visit La Salle Greenhills. Marlina Fagela, one of the high school teachers, became a constant companion as we knocked on solid walls of resistance. Through all those years we have found in each other, alternately, both teacher and learner for peace. Marlina and I have kept that bond to this day as she continues to infuse her vision of peace and justice in the La Sallian community where she is now Director of Lay Formation.

When Bro. Dizon became president of the CEAP, he invited me to become the Executive Secretary of that giant conglomerate of Catholic institutions in the Philippines. I left La Salle Greenhills and devoted all my energies to the business of running the CEAP. At that time, the CEAP took on an active political role, a most unlikely position by a conservative group especially during the most repressive years of the Marcos regime. In retrospect, CEAP would have missed the chance to be part of the struggle of the Filipino people for political change if it had not opted to become "political." I am aware of resistance and displeasure by former board members and conservative school heads regarding the high profile of the CEAP in mass protests through letters, demonstrations and prayer rallies, but Bro. Dizon remained undaunted.

CEAP has evolved into one of the most formidable educational associations in the country: lobbying in the halls of Congress for educational legislation; speaking at Department of Education, Culture and Sports (DECS) panels on policy formulation; consulting with other educational groups in their struggle for financial survival; representing the academic community in dialogues with Malacanang and other power centers. These demonstrated and potential capabilities of CEAP as an organized body of Catholic schools in a country that is 85% Catholic should not only be a source of comfort and jubilation; but also a cause for concern and reason for critical reflection on the over-all direction and thrust that the association has taken during the past fifty years. CEAP has needed to expand its vision and take a lead role in instituting educational reforms geared towards social equity, economic relevance, and people development.

The term "education" which means "drawing out" is also a metaphor for liberation. Thus, education in the vision of CEAP schools should free us from factors, forces, and structures that constrain or stifle our development as individuals, as people, as communities, and as a global family. And the educational system that we develop should break the elite's monopoly of knowledge and power and build community-based, global networks with new management. I had always believed that CEAP has a major role in societal transformation towards a more peaceful, just, caring, and self-reliant nation. If CEAP does not contribute to a critical reorientation of Philippine education towards this paradigm, then by default it continuously contributes to the maintenance of structural violence and other manifestations of peacelessness in the wider society. Unfortunately, to my mind the last public act of CEAP before it recoiled back to its status quo orientation was its official participation in Operation Quick Count during the snap election along with the civil disobedience after Marcos declared himself president. When Cory became president, the CEAP opted to be a most cooperative and uncritical ally. Hence CEAP did not continue a leadership role in encouraging citizens to think and act critically in political and civil society, or in transforming the educational system.

A year after Cory's assumption to power and a new CEAP Board was elected, I decided to resign and accepted the job of Vice President for Research and Development in Phoenix Publishing House. The move was, in my life plan, a shift to a less constraining work environment so that I could pursue my personal goal of engaging in peace education. Holding an administrative position, writing position papers on tuition fees and the like, preparing fact sheets and materials for board meetings, selling and promoting survival schemes of beleaguered board members and heads of CEAP schools, all this became too limiting and almost burdensome, holding little promise for a significant contribution in peace education in Philippines schools. On the other hand, working in the research and development section of a publishing house with a strong nationalist tradition, I thought, provided a "greener pasture" for contributing actively in designing Philippine textbooks with a more just and peaceful orientation. This was a decision I did not regret – for it was during my Phoenix days that various doors were opened to connect with teachers in many parts of the country. For these opportunities I am most grateful to J. Ernesto Sibal, the president of Phoenix Publishing House, a person with a vision and commitment to a nationalist education and the courage to resist the claws of institutionalized corruption in government bureaucracies.

The web of peace expands

In 1983 I met Betty Reardon and Bob Zuber at the Second International Institute on Peace Education (IIPE) at Teachers College, Columbia University. The following year I was invited again by Betty for another IIPE and there I met Terry Carson of the University of Alberta. From then on a professional and personal relationship with these friends, strengthened through the years, has inspired and encouraged me to commit my energies and time in introducing peace education in Philippine schools. In the same year I participated in the Fourth Triennial conference of the World Council for Curriculum and Instruction held at the University of Alberta, Canada. This conference introduced me to a new circle of friends and colleagues who would, for a long time, become partners and allies in bringing peace education to classrooms and communities: Jaime Diaz from Bogota, Colombia who was then President of WCCI; Estela Matriano from Cincinnati, U.S.; Tony Hepworth, Jen Burnley, and Anne Benjamin from Australia; Frithjof Oertel from Germany; Rachel & David Laor and Benjamin Yanoov from Israel; Mildred Masheder from England; and Emmanuel Nicolas from Sri Lanka.

Back in the Philippines, I connected with some Filipino members of the WCCI such as Imelda Castaneda, Concesa Baduel, and Araceli Resus, and together we formed the first national chapter of WCCI outside North America. For four successive years the founding members worked relentlessly to introduce an alternative Filipino educational paradigm highlighting peace education and values education into Philippine classrooms. The membership grew and soon we found the WCCI Philippines chapter becoming a model for other WCCI members to follow in their respective countries. But it was not until 1986 at the Fifth WCCI Triennial Conference in Hiroshima that a more defined direction and commitment was forged with other peace educators. There I met Toh Swee-Hin, a peace educator from Australia, who would, like Bob Zuber and Betty Reardon, contribute significantly to the way my career and personal life has evolved.

After Hiroshima, my commitment to engage in peace education found expression in the International Institutes on Peace Education (IIPE), either in the Philippines which Toh Swee-Hin and I organized, or in the US and Japan set up by Betty Reardon and Bob Zuber, or in Canada coordinated by Terry Carson. At the same time I became the founding editor of the WCCI Forum, the association's journal from 1987 to 1989. For three years I poured out precious time and energies, with the help of Tony Hepworth, the Forum's Associate Editor in Australia, along with a number of regional editors, especially Toh Swee-Hin of South East Asia-Pacific region, Terry Carson of North America, and Mildred Masheder of Europe. We strived to make the Forum an authentic medium of articulating the vision and goals of WCCI. In the end I felt drained not from the demands of editorial work but more from the sense of powerlessness in introducing some structural changes in a professional organization that has become more like a club of academics, whether from the North or South, who encapsulated the potentially liberating vision of WCCI in individualistic, conventional, and fragmented activities. Through WCCI, both positive and negative lessons have been learned. On the one hand, opportunities to collaborate with kindred hearts, minds, and spirit yielded enormous renewal of hope and energies in the challenging and almost overwhelming tasks of peace-building. And on the other hand, the parochial perceptions and relationships of paternalism or domination underpinning academic North-South interactions demonstrated that pedagogy for the non-poor, in Freirean terms, is a very difficult project that often leads one to query if the investment of efforts is not better spent on grassroots empowerment.

Friends and colleagues oftentimes ask, what drives you to do what you are doing? Why haven't you chosen to make it big in the publishing industry? Why have you not made a career in the bureaucracy when you were so close to the corridors of power? Whenever I'm confronted by such reflections, children's images race through my mind like flashes on a television screen. Do I see the eager eyes of my four young grandchildren? Or the happy faces of rich kids who go to school in chauffeur driven cars? Or the hardened look of children scavenging on smokey mountain? Or the anguish of starving children in Somalia? Or the shock of traumatized children refugees in Bosnia and Rwanda?

But this is one powerful image. The rains have started to pour in Manila. One late afternoon as I was bringing a foreign guest to a dinner meeting with some education officials, our car had to stop at a red light. At that time a very young girl (about 6 years old) emerged through the maze of traffic, drenched and shivering under the rain, and started knocking on the car window waving garlands of sampaguita flower. The foreign guest obviously touched by the scene, rolled down the glass window, shoved a dollar bill and quickly rolled back the window so the rains wouldn't come inside. The girl got the dollar bill and knocked on the window again. This time I rolled down the window and asked what she wanted. She stretched her hand and gave five garlands, the equivalent of one dollar. I took the garlands and said thank you. The girl nodded, moved to the next car, started the same routine, and swiftly scampered to the side street when the lights turned green. The foreign guest was puzzled why the girl insisted on giving the garlands when she could have just ran off to the next car. He did not understand. The girl was not begging – she was earning a living! There are hundreds of children like her in the streets of Manila at all hours and in all weather, desperately struggling for mere survival when they should be resting in the comforts of a home, like other children.

How does one build peace in such a world of contradiction between the powerful and the powerless, the haves and the have nots, the violator and the violated, the oppressor and the oppressed, the aggressor and the aggrieved? The Philippines mirrors the problems of many countries in the world. Miseries and deprivations abound everywhere in many forms and hues. In such a situation, peace is an illusion. This is life's reality. The presence or absence of peace is a matter of choice but it is conditional on the realization of justice. So what am I doing? Will my efforts at influencing the educational system ever count at all? Do the seminars and workshops I conduct with many teachers encourage any sustained desire and effort for social change? Have I really planted seeds of transformation that may have possibilities of growing and multiplying, or have I wasted my time throwing seeds on barren and hostile soil? I have few affirmations to cite; nevertheless I still continue to make connections with teachers and community leaders and to write resource materials and books in peace education hoping I can reach those I cannot interact with face to face.

In my writings on values education and peace education with Toh Swee-Hin, Ofelia Durante, Marlina Fagela, and other colleagues, we have always advocated that education must revolve around the problems, needs, and experiences of our local communities expanding organically towards national, regional, and global levels and to the planet as a whole. Hence, education must teach us to appreciate our indigenous culture, enable us to discover and develop liberating elements in that culture which will empower us to achieve a more fully human life for our people. Education should make us more deeply attuned to the diverse life processes at work in our planet and remind us that we each assume a responsibility for the future of the earth, and our children's children. And above all, education should teach a new value orientation by which human beings can be inspired and motivated. It must teach understanding and reverence for the human person regardless of sex, color, creed, social status, or age, and for all life forms. It must teach us to understand the interdependent nature of the world and take a creative and responsible part in the life of this world. This is what I understand as peace education. If we teach this peace, then hopefully one day there will be no more shivering and struggling little children so cruelly deprived of a beautiful childhood.

The challenge of authenticity

While many of the disillusioned "Coryistas" became skeptical about significant changes in the system, Philippine peace educators were also encouraged and empowered by certain movements and forces that showed signs of hope. Borrowing from the Chinese philosophy, we could choose to create interventions so that a society's breakdown can become only a crisis in transition. People can introduce workable alternatives or paradigms that will bring about a new spring in the cycle of civilization. Hence, Toh Swee-Hin and I collaborated with a small core group of NDU professors (notably Ofelia Durante, Jose Bulao, Pete Durante, and Essex Guigiento), with the approval and full support of the two top administrators, Fr. Alfonso Carino, OMI, and Fr. Jose Ante, OMI, in building the Notre Dame University Peace Education Center, the first of its kind in the Philippines and South East Asia. While we all invested valuable time, energies, and personal finances during the conception and birth of the Center, we also acknowledge with gratitude the immeasurable contribution of Toh Swee-Hin who had to travel for two years from Australia – initially on his own resources, spending endless hours working with the core group in building a small resource center, in conducting workshops and formal coursework for the graduate program in peace and development education, and in connecting with grassroots organizations. But above all, Toh Swee-Hin inspired and propped all of us to give our best efforts, at times pushing us almost to the limit, but almost always eliciting gratifying signs of growing awareness and appreciation of the need for individual and institutional transformation. And there was the joy of accepting and seeing through challenges, like spending three days in a military camp at the height of the 1989 coup attempt, working with soldiers in dialogue on critical issues of peacelessness and peacebuilding from militarization and human rights to cultural solidarity and social justice.

After two years of formal peace education coursework and community linkages, I completed a doctoral program in peace and development education together with Ofelia Durante and Fr. Alfonso Carino. But we were incessantly challenged by Swee-Hin to prove ourselves as peace educators through our actions, our teachings, our lifestyle, and our relationships with the rest of humanity. Is our understanding of peace translated into actions that are based on justice, compassion, and sustainability? Are we willing to question and challenge unfair institutions or systems that we ourselves are benefitting from?

I believe that the world is a huge classroom and the process of life *is* education. Equipped with a degree in peace and development education, our group must, more than ever, consciously and intentionally make our lives a continuing education, and the whole world the environment for that education. This means an endless journey to make the environment more just and caring through personal example, and through continuing reflections, in solidarity with all those who have faith in life.

A journey's end is only a beginning

A good friend of mine who was a social worker had to go up Mt. Pinatubo to conduct a census of the Aytas, our aboriginal people. My friend was accompanied by a young Ayta guide and as they treaded through the slopes they passed by guava trees, papayas, and wild berry trees, all heavy with fruits that had ripened on the tree. The Ayta guide picked one fruit and offered it to my friend as he took one for himself. Unable to resist the temptation of ripe guavas hanging freely from spreading branches, my friend took out her bag and filled it to bursting capacity. My friend even chided the Ayta guide to fill up his own bag. The guide looked at her in disbelief, almost in outrage saying:

> How can you pick more than what you can eat at a time? What will the others eat when they get hungry? These fruits do not belong to you alone. This mountain and everything in it belong to everyone – our sisters, our brothers, the deer and the birds, to anyone who needs food and a piece of earth to sleep on!

The concept of property, ownership, sharing, community, and interconnectedness of the earliest people all over the world is resurfacing. Their philosophy of life and their ways of living are authentic expressions of support, nurturing, and reaching out. But these are not unique qualities of primal people; for we too certainly understand the meaning of sharing, of struggle and pain, of empathy and compassion, of celebration and community. And so we keep on asking the right questions and continue looking for the answers.

While all of life, and all organizations, go through repetitive cycles of birth and death, we must now find vertical meaning in our lives through a more caring relationship in a new world community. We need to pursue with passion and compassion that new paradigm where every child, woman, and man can grow in quiet dignity, can experience a sense of belonging, can get infused, nurtured, and enriched through a depth of connectedness. I have not stopped engaging in authentic sharings with friends and colleagues in peace and global education, from whom I have drawn profound insights and inspiration in our uniqueness and commonalities, in our differences and oneness.

On the personal level, I am drawn to a new ecological lifestyle promoting personal and social renewal. This is really not a new consciousness, as it has been preached within indigenous teachings and by Jesus, Buddha, Gandhi, and other prophets. It is widely known as *voluntary simplicity*.

> "Voluntary simplicity means much more than greater material frugality - it means meeting life face to face. It means confronting life clearly, without necessary distractions, without trying to soften the awesomeness of our existence or mask the deeper magnificence of life with pretensions, distractions, and unnecessary accumulations. It means being direct and honest in relationships of all kinds..."

I believe however, that only when structures and institutions are also and equally transformed to become more attentive to and concerned with the basic needs of billions of marginalized citizens can life be truly celebrated. Only if we feel in communion not only with our "God", however envisioned, but in communion with every being and every part of Gaia, can life become truly peaceful.

Additional Readings

Over the course of my journey, I have put down some of my visions, thoughts, hopes and practices in various writings, some of which are included below.

- ed. (1986) *The February Saga of 1986*, Manila: CEAP.
- & Toh, S.-H. (1987) *Peace Education: A Framework for the Philippines*, Quezon City: Phoenix Publishing House.
- & Hepworth, T. (1987) *Sourcebook of Strategies for Values Education*, Quezon City: Phoenix Publishing House.
- (1987) "Peace Education: The Asian Experience," in *Peace Education and the Task for Peace Educators*, eds. T. Carson & H. Gideonse,

Cincinnati: WCCI.

– (1988) "Values Education for Social Transformation," in *Renaissance of Humanity: Rethinking and Reorienting Curriculum and Instruction*," ed. T. Carson, Bloomington, Indiana: World Council for Curriculum and Instruction, 1988.

– & Toh, S.-H. (1989) "Peace Education in a Land of Suffering and Hope: Insights from the Philippines," *Convergence*, 22.

– (1989) "The Rainbow Has Many Colors," *Philippine Journal of Education.*

– (1990) "Saying and Doing Peace in Many Ways," *Philippine Journal of Education.*

– & Toh, S.-H. (1990) *Peaceful Theory and Practice in Values Education*, Quezon City: Phoenix Publishing House, 1990.

– & Toh, S.-H. (1993) "From the Mountains to the Seas: Educating for a Peaceful Philippines," in *Disarming: Discourse on Violence and Peace*, ed. M. Haavelsrud, Tromsø: Arena.

PEACE EDUCATION IN CONTEXT: PERSONAL REFLECTIONS

Robin Burns

Trying to re-vision my journey into peace education in the year 1993 is a difficult task, both intellectually and personally. It comes at a time when I have a strong sense of a newly awakening consciousness of where I am and who I am. I am beginning to be able to reflect on where and what I have been without a sense of acute loss, intermingled with concern that I am no longer sufficiently involved. My re-visioning also comes little more than a year since the deaths of the two people who were most formative in my youthful search for belonging and for expression of concern for the world: Rosalie McCutcheon, the Resident Secretary of the Sydney University Student Christian Movement (SCM) during my undergraduate days (1961-4) and Eric Mortley, the Rector of St Phillip's Anglican Church, Sydney, during my membership in that "low church" parish. Rosalie was significant in many ways, not least for promoting a "social gospel" and practical expression of belief through political and social action. Eric always stood up for me, challenged me, accepted me, and continued throughout his life to keep in touch, as did Rosalie. The local parish youth leaders challenged my right to be on a church committee because, being an SCM member, they doubted that I was "saved," while I provoked endlessly about the social gospel, not just prayer and bible study.

I have a sense now that both friends are truly gone, and having come through a fairly dark five years of living, that I have finally accepted my aloneness, and my responsibility to act with reference to others, but also to be myself. Perhaps age is also making me realise, as parents more easily grasp, that I am shifting into a new phase, a new generation, and that there are others, not necessarily younger, who look to me for guidance and support. I do have experience and a changing sense of time, horizons, and perspectives on my own and others' actions. I also feel a strong pull to be present at the micro level, especially for those in the early stages of search- ing and anguishing, and to support action at the macro level without becoming lost in the macro myself. I am exploring mindfulness and compassion, which I sense will enhance rather than lessen concern, and bring it new perspective.

What, you may be wondering, has this to do with peace education? At one level, it has everything to do with it. It provides a place from which to look over what I have hoped and attempted. And, using Elise Boulding's helpful notion of the "two hundred year present" (within which I would probably locate myself at about the 120 mark), it also provides a perspective on the future. At another level, it is a roundabout way of saying that peace education itself is now taking on a different perspective for me, a new meaning and location, and where I am personally comes out of what has gone, and is constitutive of where I am going. I believe that it is also taking on a new perspective for others, and that gives me the courage to write personally while keeping in mind a much broader base.

Rather than detailing my own base, which has been recorded elsewhere (1), a view of the present may provide a place from which to apprehend past and future.

It is now over five years since I consider myself having been actively involved in peace education, though I have continued some writing and maintained most of my international contacts. Keith Suter wrote recently that the peace movement is in some senses a "victim of its own success," and that while few have dropped out through disagreement with what the peace movement is doing, the movement itself has gone in a variety of directions. Those branches which had a broader base than nuclear disarmament have survived, although some activists have been drawn to disarmament-related causes and some with very specific aims have been sufficiently successful to no longer need a new cause. The relationship between some of the causes and issues is discussed below.

Similar in some ways to peace education, disarmament education has dropped to a very low profile, while it is my sense that those who advocated a more personal notion of peace, those involved in conflict resolution, or working with psychological aspects of peace, have taken the high ground in peace education circles. There certainly is some useful research taking place on psychological aspects of conflict. Having come out of the 1960s, however, with its concern for global scenarios and for complex linking of issues of justice and equity, I have some difficulties reducing peace education to psychological approaches. There is a missing politics, though perhaps the recent changes in global politics are responsible for this. But has inequality lessened? With the collapse of the "iron curtain," the "cold war," is the world more peaceable? Postmodernism may uncover the multiple ways in which power operates, and the contextual nature of our understandings. As a "child of the 1960s," however, I cannot but be more attracted to the statement that feminisms:

> ...go beyond a making ideology explicit and deconstructing it to argue a need to change that ideology, to effect a real transformation of art that can only come with a transformation of patriarchal social practices. (3)

It is here, both with feminism and with a desire to *change* social structures as well as analyse them, that my heart lies. The following account provides some of my perceptions on peace within a wider context of social action, my involvement in peace education, and some reflections on education as the practice of liberation; all, I believe, are still pertinent and necessary today.

Interweaving Present Global Issues

When I started to prepare to recount this journey, I decided to assemble the mail – journals, magazines, news bulletins and circulars – which had come to me over a four week period. I've cut back my involvement over the past 5 years, so the total of materials from over 40 groups and organizations is low in comparison to the late 1980s. I am presenting this analysis to give an indication of both the organizations with which I am or have been associated, and also as a type of "topic web" which gives an idea of the links which can be built within peace education today.

Peace education, research and action: Materials which explicitly deal with peace issues still far outnumber the others. I am still listed in some international directories as the executive secretary of the Peace Education Commission (PEC) of the International Peace Research Association, though I ceased holding that office in mid 1988. The materials come from Australia, UK, Canada, Germany, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden (PEC), Spain and the US (Seville Statement on Non-Violence Group). They include the 1993 Hiroshima Peace Declaration and the Hiroshima Peace Culture Foundation journal; material about the World Court Project; notification of courses, vacancies, and activities from university peace studies in several countries; notification of conferences from peace research or education organizations or groups from several countries, including proposed international conferences; and the regular journal from several peace research institutes, and from PEC and the IPRA University Peace and World Order Studies Network. Then there are monographs from international peace educators produced by the University of Alberta Institute for Peace Education, Åke Bjerstedt's monographs of interviews with PEC members (4), a bulletin from IPRA's Food Policy Group, a report of the 1991 International Working Conference in Leningrad, 'Teachers as global change agents', the bulletin of the Australian Psychological Society Psychologists for the Prevention of War group and my local group's Nuclear Disarmament Action Bulletin.

If I were to analyse the directions manifest in this vast range of materials, the task would be even more complex. In this post-Gulf War, post-communist era, a few days after the signing of the document on mutual recognition by the Palestine Liberation Organisation and the Israeli Government, there is nevertheless a concern with war, weapons, and security especially, it seems, from local groups and the peace research community. Conflict resolution is another important theme, dealing constructively with enemy images and with violence, including the promotion of non-violence. Human rights, women, development, justice, even the environment, are barely mentioned except in the lead article in the Australian Peace Education, Research and Action association journal (APERA) (5), and the Mayor of Hiroshima's declaration. I was particularly struck by the absence of any mention of the conflict in the former Yugoslavia in the peace education and research materials: maybe the lead time is too great for anything to have yet filtered through, especially into education.

Perhaps my reading was biased by familiarity, but two articles stood out amongst the stack. The first is an interview with Toh, Swee-Hin, in which he states:

> ...I started in peace education from development and social justice dimensions, and it was only when I began to teach in Australia that my conception of peace education broadened to include the other issues that we now see as part of a holistic conception of peace education. (6)

This parallels my own path, at least the point about approaching peace education from concerns for development and justice. Toh goes on to show how a holistic concept of peace emerged for him and for others in the late 1970s out of disarmament education which, despite my deep concern with war, has never played a major part in my concept of peace education.

Lennart Vriens takes an even broader perspective, both historically and pedagogically, when he says:

> It is the task of peace pedagogy to extend our knowledge of the relevant areas and to adjust this knowledge to the reality of the 1990s. This will act as support for educators, who will then be in a better position to introduce children in a realistic manner to the world as it is, and to guide their involvement in what happens in the world on to the right road by making them sensitive to what is hidden behind the representation of information. (7)

He goes on to show that war and peace, the environment, and rich versus poor are three 'connected peace problems of our time' but that society and education tend still to approach them as separate issues. Somehow, there is more discussion than action, and not enough discussion, to find ways to develop big enough, yet specific enough concepts to extend, link and focus all those issues which point to a sustainable, just global future.

My own attempt to chart the concepts earlier this year foundered on their complexity, the subtle differences between nations and groups in the use of terminology, often masking similarities reminiscent of the ancient image of the Tower of Babel. The educational ideas with which we are dealing are distinguished by their vision of a supranational order, a concern with humanity and even the planet as a whole, and the use of education to change actions and consciousness. The diversity within this over-arching set of ideas is immense. Survival is the key concept, and the focus is on alternatives to war, which has been seen as a key threat to human life. But war is not the only threat, and thus ways in which other problems of survival (and beyond that, quality of life) are conceived and developed into educational approaches, are relevant.

However, Robert Aspeslagh's warning must be heeded. He is concerned that, with the proliferation of themes and terms in use in the broad area of "world education" (*mondiale onderwijsbenaderingen*), students will at best be confused and the some international aspects will get lost in other details (8). The United Nations, especially UNESCO, keeps a clear, relatively simple international education message alive, especially through the Associated Schools Project, whose latest bulletin sits before me. This is welcome, especially at a time when international education seems to be only a name, whereas school activity seems to justify overt commercialisation and commodification of education for the benefit of institutions in rich countries and the rich living in poorer ones. While I literally burnt myself out opposing the sale of education at the local level, I continue my concern with the effects of the sale, and with its dominance of the landscape of education which could better serve as a tool for wider understanding and values (9).

It is inevitable that one's own action and perspective are partial. But they are not coincidental, even as seen through a sorted sample of the material which I receive through the mail. Thus, a publication like the *IPRA Newsletter* gives information on the variety of IPRA study groups, each representing a particular path within the peace maze; individuals, groups, publications, meetings are all offered, and one chooses which to try to follow up. That choice in turn leads to other groups, other contacts and associations and ideas; the paths would surely look different if alternate choices had been made. And depending on one's starting point, there are also ongoing themes and issues which demonstrate both a constancy and a certain change over time.

Development, equity and justice: To return to my mail for illustration, there are many development inputs: the journal *The New Internationalist,* with an issue on tourism and rich-poor relationships; the annual report and quarterly development journal of the Swiss Development Co-operation Section of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs, the latter focussing on migration and international crises. From the Intercultural Network of Social Innovation is a paper entitled 'Development: a destructive myth to be overcome' which is resonant of the mid-1970s concern with the manipulative and destructive potential of foreign development assistance, but overlaid with a New Age, post-communist flavour. And the Australian National University *Development Studies Network Newsletter* focuses this time on women and development.

This reinforces a request from Austcare for assistance for the women of the former Yugoslavia, a request presenting all of the complex issues of gender and of war, of human rights, and of rape as the ultimate violence against the human person. The rape, torture and humiliation of women in war, this time in the former Yugoslavia, is a microcosm of the need for ongoing watchfulness and action; and while the international community struggles to find a way to stop the overt conflict, I have been encouraged by the ways women are finding to act, including putting together intimate care packages for the women. This form of action in itself is a way of mitigating the enormity of largescale violence, and of caring for the other who is the mirror of oneself. I do not whole-heartedly embrace the notion of woman as carer by nature, while man is not; woman as peace-maker while man is war-maker, for it does not recognise the role of socialisation and culture, and tends to pin us within biological imperatives. But Carol Gilligan's concept of the "different voice," which develops an ethic of care rather than a morality of rights, presents a challenge to conventional western thinking about morality and choice which recognises and takes up one's own humanity as well as that of others (10).

An ethic of care and the Austcare request are linked to a series of papers from the Refugee and Migration Section of the World Council of Churches (WCC). While I have long since left any Christian position and involvement, this ecumenical body along with the Catholic justice and peace organisations, still bring to me a keen sense of concern and of action both with people and for change. I worked in the refugee section of the Australian Council of Churches one undergraduate summer, meeting new arrivals and facilitating my primary school Latvian friend's 'assimilation'; she was finally able to re-claim her given name as a young adult. During my early days in the School of Education at La Trobe, when we were the first teacher-training program which focussed on multicultural issues, I recalled these experiences as we worked with other first generation Australians to develop their own choices and then to facilitate the process of implementing these.

In recent papers on the theme of justice, peace and creation from the WCC, the plight of the women of the former Yugoslavia is featured. There is a reminder that violence against women is not limited to violent conflicts, and vigilance is necessary to the point of ensuring that violence against women is finally outlawed through international human rights instruments (11). My mind switches to one of my students who, unable to do the writing for my course on women, psychology and psychologists, disclosed the bubbling despair of rape and incest which she could no longer contain; also another small, courageous young woman who faces the fear, but lives it, of walking the night alone. This part of being a woman is highlighted in the WCC journal where attention was also given to an international meeting of young women. All of this resonates with my growing sense that we are not just witnesssing a change in peace education today, but that the rising generations experience a different world, a world of new conflict, despair and challenge, and bring new insights. I personally find post-modern theorising both obscure, and obscuring with its shifting, peeling, recombining perspectives, and a sense not that the grand picture obscures the small ones, but that we cannot have a picture at all.

We have to live with paradox, we are told, not just holding the tensions but working with them. This seems to be one way in which a post-modern worldview speaks to younger people. I try to understand it, having had a sense of the need for and possibilities of global perspectives and change while also recognising difference and the need to take the micro situation into account. Many years ago I undertook research on visual illusions: unstable perceptions which happen when normal coordinates are reduced and fluctuation between possibilities occurs. Perhaps this ability to move between unstable perceptions is what we need, a recognition of different starting points.

Another theme in the WCC journal is that of racism, and I think back to my teenage awakening to racism through a South African penfriend whom I eventually visited in 1966. She was a Jewish social worker with the Cape Coloured Mental Health Authority, and she took me as her "student assistant" to the townships on the fringe of Cape Town. I also remember writing on apartheid in my matriculation geography examination, enabled not through what I had been taught but through discussions at an SCM camp with a university student who was studying anthropology. From her I gained a language for thinking about the issues, a way of being involved, and the discovery of a subject which I subsequently took as an undergraduate major and which has profoundly affected my view of the world, culture and people. I still teach a course on the anthropology of education, convinced that learning about others and learning to reflect on the nature and effects of our own culture, are essential learning experiences. And these concerns are reflected in other materials I receive: from the Jesuit group, Uniya, a Christian Centre for Social Research and Action, "committed to making a difference to the lives of people who miss out on access and equity in our society," (12) the *Koorie Heritage Trust Newsletter* whose motto is "Give me your hand my friend," to the new Vocation Statement of the SCM, which includes an explicit commitment to social justice, (11) and feature articles in *Equity*, the Monash Equal Opportunity Office bulletin. There is a broader reflection on these issues in the themes of the United Nations Association's newsletter, *Unity*, especially the emphasis on human rights.

There are four further themes in my mail. Three of these are professional, covering the areas of public health, education, and psychology.

The latter two materials, in particular, I mostly skim and quickly discard, finding a number of the professional and research concerns of little personal relevance or interest, though I still feel the need to maintain membership, perhaps as part of a cover of academic respectability! The third, public health, is a more recent and more lively interest. When my world of meaning and action seemed to crash five years ago, I found a Master's course in public health, boldly applied and though the only applicant not working in any way in a health field, was admitted. By the second year, I had gained a scholarship to study fulltime. I can remember saying to those who could not see why I was in this field, that it was consonant both with my values and my interests, and this is still true. It was through the international aspects of health that I was most able to make connections with peace and development issues, primarily through the New Public Health approach which is strongly reflective of, if not actually based on, the ideas of Paulo Freire. I was also able to work on issues of health education and the broader notion of health promotion (enablement and enhancement through recognition of the social, cultural and individual impediments and potentials), as well as the concerns of women. After writing a policy paper on these issues for the Public Health Association, I now convene an implementation working group on women's health in overseas development assistance projects, which has brought me in touch with many people and groups, including those with strong connections with earlier development-oriented associations.

The other theme, alluded to again and again throughout this survey, is women. This theme emerges through diverse associations: the Women's Special Interest Group of the Public Health Association, the Australian Association of University Women, the International Health Special Interest Group, development associations, my union, and the World Council of Churches. There is also a variety of other professional associations with a "women and" or "women in" perspective from which I receive news: psychologists, linguists, the Asian Studies Association Women's Caucus. I am still hesitant for a variety of reasons about wholehearted involvement with women's studies and academic feminism, though most of my teaching is now in women's studies. I think I am still discovering my own "grounding"; and at present my work with students is both a journey of discovery of new approaches to university teaching, and also a new challenge to action and reflection at a personal level. I have a need to challenge anew the academic establishment, including ambitious women's studies programs, and to connect what I do in the university with the way I live as a woman among women, and men. As I write this, I am about to commence a physical and psychological journey which promises new experience, time for reflection and the opportunity to consider interconnections while experiencing them in a very vivid way. I am participating in a three week, all woman, expedition to the Tallaringa area of the Great Victoria Desert, where we are conducting a botanical, ornithological, zoological and archaeological survey for the Museum of South Australia. My added role is to work with local Aboriginal women to assist them to record, in a disappearing language, their knowledge of plants in the area for new generations. Team-building, support, personal development, inter-personal sensitivity, environmental awareness and challenge are the goals of the expedition. The symbolism of going together into the desert is strong and beckoning.

Centring Education as the Key Concept

> We think you ought to know our opinion of some things in your civilization. Because you seem to think that we look upon the European world as our ideal. It is not always there that we have found true education, and we know that you must think the same thing. True education is not the exclusive property of those who have the advantage of books; it is found as well, among the people upon whom a majority of the white race, convinced as it is of its own excellence, looks down with disdain (14).

The young, well-bred Javanese girl, Kartini, wrote these words to a Dutch friend in 1902. She longed for the book-learning which she hoped might enable her to become a bridge between the world of her people and that of the colonizers. Denied that education, she turned to her people in an attempt to understand and change the effects on their lives of the limitations of their situation. On the one hand, she recognised the possibilities for practical good that were available through European medical knowledge, for example, as well as the more intangible benefits of communication, through learning of other languages and contact with a diversity of people and ideas. On the other hand, she was acutely aware of power and of the one-sided relationship established between those with certain kinds and amounts of formal schooling, and those without it. While identifying the latter with the status of "child," she perceived that it was race rather than formal educational differences which prevented the Europeans from finding anything of merit in the knowledge of the "brown" people. This same racial difference and racist sentiment also determined how much access, if any, her people would have to European knowledge.

In these decades-old writings, we find a diagnosis of inequality which is still applicable today: the exercise of power backed up by the universalisation of certain characteristics of the powerful so that what they possess and know is defined as "normal" and "desirable." Power implies a division into ruler and ruled, and one of the prerequisites of being a ruler is the right to define who can become one, and by what means. To maintain power, it is also necessary to convince others of one's right to successfully claim legitimacy for one's acts. The more people's consciousness is formed to accept the social order as legitimate, the less need there is for the use of physical force to maintain power; control of socialisation processes is part of the spoils of the powerful. The use of socialisation processes, especially formal education but also alternative educational venues, is a goal for others who desire change. Education is itself a battleground for competing interest groups (13) who try to use it for enhancing different legitimacy claims. Who gets various types and amounts of education, and the content of that education, is an ongoing part of the struggle for power and legitimacy. Those who wish to change consciousness for more "just" and more "enlightened" ends, must take part in the ongoing processes to maintain or change the socio-political, cultural and educational status quo.

Nor is the content of education the only relevant consideration in the assessment of its capacity to change human action and interaction on a global scale. As Kartini discovered, who becomes educated, and by whom; which ideas are legitimated, and the effects on the people whose knowledge is not considered of any value, all affect the outcomes of an educational process. At this time, I find myself coming back to education as a central concern. Peace education is one focus for extending the boundaries of curricular, pedagogical or policy issues regarding exploration of its purposes, potentials and effects.

In attempting to gain a perspective on education globally, there are two sets of major themes: the pragmatic and the normative. The *pragmatic* set of themes deals with meeting the rising demand for additional formal schooling. Two sub-themes have been particularly evident here: the economics of expansion, and the means by which it is to take place. Beyond such generalization, the forms the discussions have taken can be categorized in terms of theoretical, disciplinary, even developed/developing country and ideological differences and emphases. For example, the quantity/quality debates over expansion are often seen as sequential, meeting quantitative criteria which are at least a political precondition for concern with quality.

Such bases for different discourses, research and policy foci are even more apparent within the *normative* domain. Two aspects of the interrelated themes concern issues of equity: how can education be used to attain more equal social outcomes? What content should be learned? In one sense the equity theme has been used to subsume the content one, though this is not often recognised. This sense involves the linking of a specific content to attitudes and behaviour, as well as opportunities and outcomes. To what extent does this educational process, and this content, lead to equitable options for those being educated, and to attitudes and behaviour towards others which are also characterised by tolerance and the desire to see more just solutions?

At a time when it seemed feasible to explore normative questions further, a new tendency has emerged – for educational debate to be caught up in economic discourse and the framework of crisis thinking. The effects of unrecognised, institutionalised, crisis rhetoric are most noticeable with regard to normative themes and issues, where there is a reordering of priorities (`we can no longer afford the luxury of....' from special programs for minority groups to curriculum projects), or a re-interpretation of policy and programs (no longer is individual or group equity our concern, but rather national needs, the over-riding rationale). Further, and this affects the pragmatic theme as well, while national considerations have become dominant, the private sector is being asked increasingly to contribute to costs, with little long-term concern for consequences unless one accepts the free market as the best guarantor of quantity and quality.

It seems a good point to return to my personal exploration of education and the achievement of more sustainable and just outcomes.

Peace Education: A Personal Perspective

I have remained sceptical, and I believe that I have often been justified, about the compatibility of radical social education and publicly-funded formal education. However, I did find a broad basis for social education when I began reading about peace education prior to meeting with a group at the IPRA Summer School held in Sweden in July 1978. I had no difficulty seeing myself as a peace educator when approached by Robin Richardson and Christoph Wulf (both IPRA members with the latter also the founder of PEC) at a global development education seminar in 1974! This was not the way many others have come to the field, namely from an over-riding concern to abolish war. For me, it was through linking the abolition of structural violence as a necessary condition for the abolition of war *and* poverty, while looking at other injustices summarized as under development. I have therefore been engaging in radical peace education, which is concerned with the achievement of *positive peace* and with the educational process, rather than disarmament education per se, which is linked to the abolition of war but does not necessarily go much beyond that. My passion is liberation. Abolition of war is certainly a condition for liberation, but it is not a sufficient condition. In association with my other passion, seeing inter-relationships especially where they are not commonly acknowledged, it seemed easy to move from development into peace education. But I have not left the former; rather I believe it is essential to bring development perspectives to the task of eradicating the need for violence, while seeing in military expenditures and the militarised state the antithesis of human liberation, whatever the level of a nation's GNP.

There has been an unfolding (or perhaps in holistic terminology, an enfolding) so that more and more issues of human existence both in society and in the natural environment can be incorporated into a framework for understanding and learning to act positively within society. The World Health Organisation's new health policy stresses positive health, community participation and horizontal structures, seeing health in an environmental context. It sounds so much like the essential tenets of development education from the early 1970s, or peace education and action of ten years later. In fact, it also reminds me that many of my friends were involved with action in solidarity with and for Aborigines or the urban poor in the 1960s, some extending this concern by going to work in the Third World. Action for development was very clearly the major concern of the 1970s for internationally-minded activists. I met up again with many friends in peace education and action in the 1980s and some of those who became most involved in multiculturalism and anti-racist action have also worked as human rights activists, and are now in environmental and health action, with new sets of interactions and reunions. As a measure of its importance, many are also involved in the feminist movement, either seeing women's issues as particularly urgent examples of "minority" group discrimination and unequal power, or seeing women's work, insights and concepts as providing the necessary way out of old structures, theories, and modes of action. I have certainly travelled some way with them, especially through involvement with IPRA's Women, Militarism and Disarmament study group which provides a very critical focus on issues of human rights, development and peace (16).

As part of the enfolding, I think a number of the issues can be comprehended, recognizing with T.S. Eliot, that

> The end of all our exploring
> Will be to arrive where we started
> And know the place for the first time (17).

Obviously in the account which I have given, I have abstracted and emphasised according to my current awareness and involvements. I could have stressed people, and will mention one here, because of his formative influence on my understanding of development and human relations – the late Filemon Tanchoco Jr. of the Philippines. I met "Ting" when asked by World University Service (WUS) to investigate what was happening to a major project in the Philippines which had "gone quiet". Ting met me at the airport in Manila, easing me into a frantic five-day program of meetings and visits to schools, universities, and cultural events. By the end of the ensuing meetings in Switzerland and Denmark, we were firm friends.

Ting and another friend, Tess, were killed in a car accident a week after my second visit to the Philippines in 1977 while they were visiting one of their village development projects. I still grieve for them. Ting was my tutor in so many important aspects of development and international relations – from the psychology of involving rich Third World university students in development projects in a meaningful and efficient way, to chiding me for saying I felt a citizen of the world because I rejected so much of Australia (as a political entity participating in the Vietnam War). Ting emphasised that one had first to be a local citizen in order to realize a larger reality. I value his attempts to make me feel accepted politically and personally as part of the Asian group while also understanding the things that divided. But not many of us know a "Ting," or move in the privileged circumstances of international travel and meetings in which we worked together. It has been my conviction that I have a responsibility because of such privileges, recognizing that I actively chose to be involved in the various projects of my life, but acknowledging that I was fortunate to have the opportunity to do so. What are the main features of my educational work as a result?

Consistent with my personal pull towards the international, my major involvement with peace education has been as broad as possible, and largely involved with IPRA's Peace Education Commission. Since my first personal involvement with IPRA in 1978, a core group has stayed in close contact with each other, through joint writing projects such as editorship of special journal issues focused on peace education. Magnus Haavelsrud and Robert Aspeslagh, the two Executive Secretaries of PEC before I plunged into it in 1983, have been in different ways my close colleagues and teachers. From 1983 to 1988, it was the IPRA membership who maintained active contact with me and with whom I developed a specific way of working, especially characterized by the balance between the personal and general, the specific and contextual. I included peace, development, gender, and racial issues in the newsletter, which was my major contribution to PEC, besides answering the mountains of letters and inquiries.

I made a conscious decision in 1983 to concentrate on PEC/IPRA and on introducing peace education into my teacher-training work at La Trobe. I believe my 1984 Bachelor of Education course on peace education was the first such course within Australia, though it has been encouraging to see the many and varied courses which have quickly flourished. My own course has not always flourished and, in an attempt to "broaden" the base, I changed the title and content to "The Contemporary World and Classroom" in 1987. However, I only attracted the minimum of six students. In 1989, it did not reach that number and the course had to be cancelled. I think this is partly because my own local profile is very low, now confined to La Trobe's Peace Studies core course and the journal *Interdisciplinary Peace Research*. I was involved from the inception in discussions for a Peace Research Institute at La Trobe but could not give it much time at the crucial stages in 1986/87. I am also not very enthusiastic about the major directions the Institute has so far taken - a focus on conflict resolution especially at the interpersonal and intergroup levels, and attitude surveys on nuclear issues.

Educationally, my work is based on knowing reality and acting to change it. My understanding is that the person is an active subject in history; society is the result of historical processes which reflect the interplay of power and oppression, and change is a participatory process towards discovering the liberating ideal. Education must be given back to people such that communication which breaks down false barriers, co-operation towards a better world, and the commitment to that work, can be brought to the service of change which can break through violent structures, thus creating new social forms in which violence will no longer be needed.

There are three major educational concerns:

(i) *The action/reflection relationship*. It was not until I read Freire and became involved with development education that I began to glimpse the importance of dialectical relationships, and to see in them some possibility to transform paradox and affirm the need to go beyond a cancelling-out (win/lose) form of resolution. I've always found that poets, especially T.S. Eliot and William Blake, express this as a truth far more vividly than most philosophy or political science materials I've read.

It was more than a sense of relief to realize that theorising and thinking were important for effective action. Rather, the necessity of both made action and reflection central to my understanding not only of development, peace or social education, but of *good* education. Synthesising Freire and Teilhard de Chardin, the Swede Stig Lindholm, whom I met at a 1973 Australian Council for Overseas Aid (ACFOA) development education conference, depicts the two as part of the "animation spiral." This spiral represents a way of seeing "the process by which people progress from the status of object to become (increasingly) subjects." (18) Reflection in some sense represents the "inner" or individual aspect, and action an "outer" or social one. Lindholm, following Freire and others, defines action as joining with others. Even reflection-on-action contains an "other" dimension and becomes in part a joint process involving those who have participated in particular action. Any educational process is a starting point in the reflection-action spiral, an important dimension of which is moving the individual from being guided by external forces to being guided by one's own intentions (following de Chardin). To take it the Freirian step further, this spiral is necessary for authentic co-operation with others. There is an element of paradox in this, best expressed poetically, that we "find" ourselves in order to be with others. What we do together becomes the basis for new reflection, "finding" or "seeing" – whatever terminology one wishes to use to depict its dimensions.

While action and reflection are crucial, and directly related, I have still not solved the problem with any existential finality of my own place in that relationship, especially since theorising and reflection are things I'm better at than action. Is it sufficient to be working with people who are heavily involved in political action, stimulating them to reflect, with their action and reactions providing further material for and stimulus to reflection? How much action can one undertake without losing perspective (even for theorizing)? Perhaps learning to live with unresolved tension, and seeing each contribution as incomplete, is most important.

(ii) *Formal and non-formal educational settings.* Freire's approach was developed for adult education literacy circles, and both literacy and non-formal educational settings were essential choices of this political project. For a long time, debate about the reproduceability of his method in formal school settings attempted to isolate essential elements and transport them to such systems. To me, the essence of Freire's approach is based on realizing one's vocation to be human through problem-posing education as opposed to "banking" education (filling up objects with different amounts of knowledge to be used later). The method is also an act of communication between subjects based on mutual dialogue.

> Dialogue is the encounter between men *(human beings)*, mediated by the world, in order to name the world. Hence, dialogue cannot occur between those who want to name the world and those who do not want this naming...if it is in speaking their word that men *(human beings)* transform the world by naming it, dialogue imposes itself as the way in which men *(human beings)* achieve significance as men *(human beings)* (19).

(iii) *Knowledge for justice and transformation.* In stressing my belief that non-formal education is more effective than formal in promoting liberating education for justice and transformation, I have implied that it is the structure, the process and the content of education which should all be considered in evaluating the change potential of any education. Action to change structures may be an outcome rather than an implicit ingredient. Given the dependent status of school pupils, being *allowed* to act may be crucial in determining the likelihood that they will *take* action. Process and content must be kept tightly inter-related. The relationships can be clearly seen in the context of a key underlying concept which further defines oppression, namely *structural violence*.

Structural violence has been extended to knowledge. (20) Without detailing relationships between knowledge and power, mystification and disempowerment, it can be asserted that the ways in which knowledge is generated, selected, organised, transmitted and evaluated may be liberating or may be limiting. (21) Who is involved in making and validating knowledge; the notion of the human being (especially as subject or object, active or passive); the image of society (transformed, reformed, reproduced); the idea of the change process (participatory or imposed); and the knowledge and education to supplement and empower these other concerns are key aspects of the liberation process and the promotion of justice.

Knowledge for liberation stresses participation – in inclusive rather than exclusive approaches to learning particular contents – and evaluation which is responsive to desired social and cultural outcomes. As well, such a process grounds knowing in the reality of learners while taking them beyond that reality, thus becoming empowering. The selection of content and processes for working with participants are vital links in naming, seeing, envisioning and changing the world.

In conclusion?

I have a strong sense now of the cyclical nature of concerns and issues which touch us all. One of the themes of this chapter stresses new combinations, different perspectives and foci as we keep moving about in the search for a better future. I am tempted to suggest that this may hint at an underlying image of reality which is akin to quantum physics. In my understanding, this suggests that the whole is present in the parts, and that the standpoint of the observer affects the observed, since observation can transform matter from one state of being to another. I contend that a basis for distinguishing and developing perspectives is a view of the nature of the human being; of our relationship with the world in which we live; and of processes of change. Therefore there are alluring challenges in the possibilities for new understandings presented by quantum physics and its extension to other fields.

The second major theme relates to the interplay of trends which can be explained, at least in part, in terms of similar contexts involving socio-economic, political and educational factors. However, even while looking at the trends, I am struck by the ways in which people are inextricably part of those trends – as initiators, adopters and carriers. And the more I have read and re-read, sorted and re-sorted papers, remembered meetings, conferences, visits, debates started in conferences and continued through correspondence, newsletters, journals and third party contact – the more the people, ideas and practices have become interwoven for me. Perhaps, at this human level, it is the most appropriate point to exit and to invite the reader to reflect on the complex realities which peace educators and others engaged with the human paradox must go on encountering.

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TRANSCENDING BOUNDARIES: THE YIN AND YANG OF EDUCATING FOR PEACE

Toh, Swee-Hin

Introduction

In the Chinese tradition, a journey towards any destination, no matter how near or distant, must begin with the first step. This adage encourages us to pursue goals with patience and perseverance, and above all to take a long view of our efforts. The hundred steps we have walked, or the thousands more we can make, even in a lifetime, may not always bring us to our destination. But at least some portion of the journey has been traversed, and if the goal is a collective quest, as is a more peaceful Earth, then every individual endeavor counts. At the same time, journeys to distant places are often encounters with boundaries, the borders which need to be crossed to take us to a further stage of our travel.

Metaphorically, educating for peace is like such a journey in the Chinese worldview. As we strive through an ongoing cycle of education and action to build a peaceful planet where all beings can learn to live in compassion, sharing, justice, harmony, and dignity, many patient and determined steps are needed. Guided in places by concrete signposts for transformation and in others by only a general vision, we move onwards, ever hopeful, undeterred by obstacles, setbacks, frustrations of slow results, and in many contexts, even repressive forces. Most importantly, there are always boundaries to be transcended as we seek to integrate the peace paradigm into the complexities of personal and social life. This story of one small journey in peace education, is therefore inevitably unfinished, reflective of the "yin and yang" dialectics of trying to educate and work for peace while living under structures, systems, relationships, and cultures of violence, disharmony, injustices, and selfishness. The theme of transcending boundaries colors significant unfoldings and enfoldings in the unceasing process of becoming a peace educator.

Searching for Roots

Looking backwards and identifying the possible influences, both negative and positive, which have helped to shape one's journey towards peace education is not an easy task. Yet this needs clarifying, especially for insights yielded about a variety of cultural, social, economic, and political factors supportive of or detrimental to the growth of a peaceful consciousness.

Growing up firstly under British colonialism and then an independent Malaya/Malaysia still tied to ideas and institutions largely dominated by "Western" systems; these were experiences not usually conducive to thinking and acting for peace. In schooling which gave me English language literacy (but denied me literacy in my ethnic traditions), I rapidly absorbed the core values and habits of an examination-dominated academistic curriculum and pedagogy. To be individualistic and competitive in scholastic "achievement", highlighted by the number of distinctions in numerous tests and examinations; these were the incessant formal and hidden messages of school life. Banking was the modus operandi of becoming credentialed; dialogue and conscientization were non-existent.

I learned much about the "glories" of British colonialism worldwide. History began with Alexander the Great and centered on the eventual "triumph" of Western civilization and the industrial revolution. I became well-versed in English nursery rhymes, the adventures of the Secret Seven and other Blyton characters and learned to count in shillings and pence. "Nature study" exposed me to the totally unfamiliar world of temperate trees and flowers, while much of my tropical environment remained a mystery until well into high school. And as my academic grades, rather than a holistically emergent interest, pushed me into the "top" science classes, I became even more isolated from the world of social, cultural, and political knowledge. Thus, although one of the brutal modern wars was being fought in neighboring Indochina, I knew nothing about the "whys", "whats", and "hows".

My world of Anglophone literacy also expanded to encompass the Beatles, Elvis, Pat Boone, Cliff Richard, the Platters, and other favorites of the "top 40s", as well as Alistair Maclean and James Bond novels. There was little in such cultural socialization to enable me to raise questions about the validity of my education and neo-colonial identity. Significant aspects of this westernized socialization were indeed counter-peaceful, as a regular diet of Hollywood "westerns" miseducated me about the realities of North

American Indians (portrayed in racist and negative stereotypes) and European colonization (depicted as progressive and civilized). True, not all whites were good. There were also the "bad guys" whom brave fast shooting marshals and other heroes finally overcome. But essentially, nonviolent conflict resolution played little or no role in such stories. As "good" and "bad" confront each other, the former triumph at the handle of the "quickest gun" in town, a message later reinforced by Agent 007, KGB spies and a host of violent icons in modern Hollywood fare.

It should not be implied though that colonial and neocolonial schooling yielded no useful experiences in peace education terms. Formal literacy, for instance, opened up a world of knowledge in the pages of magazines or library books, from unconventional ideas of theosophy to Western mysticism, and from African political struggles to the United Nations. Peer groups taught me to appreciate the then relatively unspoiled environment on Penang Island as we went hiking over the hills or camped by the seaside during school vacations. It was on many such occasions where I also came to deeply value the act of peaceful contemplation, looking out at the vast horizons on the edge of the blue seas or upwards into starry Malaysian night skies, wondering at the same time what it means to have life and exist in this world of human beings. And there were also at least a few teachers who, despite curriculum and pedagogy constrained by the diploma disease, practiced the values of caring, active listening and more horizontal relationships in and outside their classrooms.

The ethnic half of my roots, which embraced a mix of Chinese Confucianist, Daoist, and Buddhist philosophy and popular practices, was more contradictory in peace education terms. At home, a rather authoritarian application of Confucianism showed me first-hand how family relationships can sustain micro-levels of structural violence and unpeacefulness, while religious practices can too often be reduced to seeking blessings for one's own or at most the family's welfare and "enlightenment." However, contrary to popular Confucianism, my mother who had no formal education or professional vocation, fully discouraged sex-role stereotyping within the household. Hence, my brothers and I participated actively in hand washing the laundry, cooking meals, and cleaning the floors and washrooms, no more or no less than our sister. From an early age, I came to appreciate what the "double-day" can mean for women in a sexist world. But, most importantly, the teachings of Buddha and a host of Bodhisattvas and other Buddhist/Daoist sages and saints, not least Kuan In, the Goddess of Mercy, have yielded a rich store of inspiration and guidance for struggles in peace education that were, however, not to be fully tapped until twenty years later. The Eight-fold Path and Four Noble Truths in the Buddhist paradigm instilled lessons and signposts towards a more compassionate and harmonious world and self, a world less attached to material and non-material trivialities (e.g. fame, status egotism).

Somehow too, even though violent resolution of conflicts was also central to the genre of Hongkong films depicting the adventures of ancient Chinese knights and warriors, there was also a more effective integration of values in the stories and legends. The theme of injustice was constantly replayed in ancient scenes of repressive and corrupt warlords, mandarins and dictatorial emperors. And the struggles for a more just and peaceful society, embracing Daoist and Chinese Buddhist principles, by valiant knights and pro-people citizens, were some of my earliest lessons in "liberation theology".

Last but not least, my childhood exposed me to a range of socio-economic circumstances. I grew up first in an urban working-class environment which later became lower middle-class. But we maintained close links with several uncles and their families who lived as fisherfolk and rubber tappers on the north coast, as well as an aunt and her rickshaw-puller husband inhabiting a slum tenement. On occasional visits to an elderly maternal aunt, I also caught glimpses of the privileges sustained by inherited wealth. I thus became aware of the differences in living standards and access to basic needs depending on one's wealth and income. Pit latrines versus flush toilets; piped safe water versus carrying water pails from a stream where people also bathed and washed; fish six days a week versus chicken or pork daily; extended schooling for some, early dropping-out for others; quick advanced medical care versus homemade or psychic remedies; and the like.

But I also learned that being poor or rich does not necessarily correlate with a willingness to share or to be compassionate. In this regard, one story my mother recounted has always left me with a deep lesson in morality. When I was about to be born, my father bicycled to fetch the local Malay *bidan* (midwife) to help deliver me at home since clinic or hospital care was beyond our means. After my birth, my parents then offered to the midwife for her services a bag of rice, a chicken, and two dollars; this the only cash left in the house as by then it was nearly time for my father's next salary day. But the midwife, although of poor background herself, took only the rice and the money, saying that my mother should have the chicken for post-natal recovery. That episode convinced me that those who already have little can draw upon an inherent compassion to help others in need in their community; while those with plenty can often only think of further accumulation.

And so as I went off in 1967 on a Colombo Plan Scholarship to undertake science and education studies in Australia, I brought along an identity which, in peace education terms, was very far from holistic actualization or growth. A product of colonial and neocolonial westernized schooling, whose values often clashed with traditional confucianist attitudes and norms, I was also naive and relatively ignorant about the politics of local and global society. Fortunately, also embedded within my psyche were latent ideas, commitment and spiritual awareness about peace-oriented values (e.g. compassion, mercy justice, sharing) which sustained the shocks of study abroad and eventually surfaced at the boundary of political awakening.

From Technocrat to Development Educator

The academic culture, I rapidly discovered upon entering the newest Australian university, was devoted towards the production of specialized technocrats with skills and knowledge in a relatively narrow area with very little awareness of other fields or the interrelationships that connect universes and paradigms of knowing. Thus increasingly, my training as a future chemist was restricted to the purely scientific curriculum until by the honors year, I was confronted by some eight three-hours final examinations in sub-fields of chemistry as well as umpteen hours of practical laboratory work. Taking copious lecture notes, sometimes from brilliant researchers but incompetent teachers; passing periodic tests often through sheer memory of formulae and theories; and replicating countless experiments may have turned me into a competent organic chemist but it hardly enhanced my social literacy. Regrettably, even the societal implications and responsibilities of being a scientist were absent from the curriculum.

I also learned that academics with Ph.Ds were not always imbued with the ethics of sincere truth-seeking that are said to underpin the intellectual professions. One rather unpeaceful and painful experience in that regard occurred when I asked a physics professor to clarify a topic I found difficult in his lecture. Whereupon, after unsuccessfully trying to answer my question, his parting remark was "don't try to be too smart"! But it should not be said that nothing positive was gained from my scientific training. The habits of patient detailed analysis, of being parsimonious and non-verbose in explanations and writing, and often engaging in group work during experiments, have been helpful to my present work in peace education. Being in a university environment too, where the library serves as a depository of knowledge from all fields, also afforded serendipitous opportunities to at least get to know about the worlds of the social sciences, philosophy, religion (including my ethnic traditions), and the arts. It is doubtful if this would have happened had I gone to a Malaysian university where an even higher level of competition, examination, "excellence", and peer pressure would have left no time or motivation for self-broadening of worldly understanding.

Living in a foreign country for the first time, and as an overseas student, also brought me fresh boundaries to cross. It is one thing to grow up in colonial and neocolonial contexts; another to be literally thrown into a Eurocentric society. I experienced direct and indirect modes of stereotyping, discrimination and racism, while trying to cope with a multiplicity of "culture shock" effects. In an Australian society dominated by Anglo-Celtic assumptions, values, and structures, I and other fellow Asian students were often together simply as a survival mechanism. Yet, my individual response to the negative consequences and processes of racism was not to withdraw entirely into the overseas student subculture. Rather, I relied as an intuitively felt principle that there is always something to learn from the "other", no matter how different – a principle which I now explicitly appreciate as a peace educator, a need if our world of countless "others" is to develop a dynamic "unity in diversity". And hence, I discovered for myself some ordinary dimensions of Australian society, especially in the farming countryside, though the views were partial, predominantly subjective and not guided by a critical framework of understanding societal relationships and structures.

It was not until the anti-Vietnam war movement began in earnest in Australia that I gradually began to comprehend the horror, brutality and suffering of violent conflicts. Although my parents had personally endured trials during the Japanese occupation of Malaya (imprisonment for my father for helping a fleeing British soldier), I was a post-war child, and Malaya/Malaysia had been relatively peaceful as I grew up, except for a few episodes of inter-ethnic violence between the Chinese and Malays. During the campus teach-ins and seminars on the Indochina conflict, I was an interested listener but constrained by my foreign scholar status from active anti-war participation.

I learned that the state's law and order agencies can be easily harnessed into tools of repression against its own citizens should the grounds of dissent or protest be viewed unfavorably by the power elites, as when an anti-war march was violently broken up by the police just outside the campus gates. However, when the huge moratorium rally organized by then Labour Party radical Jim Cairns and attended by U.S. campaigner Benjamin Spock, was held, I joined a number of Malaysian friends in marching through Melbourne streets. It was a gentle though memorable baptism in peace action, even if I still lacked a holistic understanding of global militarization and structural violence, or of the Cold War syndrome that underpinned the tragedy of Vietnam.

The act of training to be a future teacher turned out to be a most decisive boundary whose crossing laid some conceptual bricks and catalyzed essential commitments towards building a more peaceful and just world. Randomly, I was assigned tutors in various methods and foundational courses in the Diploma of Education programme which opened up for me the doors of critical or radical social and political theories. I learned about the effects of social class upon life-chances, including progress in the credentials race. I became aware of the philosophical, political and economic critiques and analyses of Marx and the modern radical theorists; and that "democracy", to be authentic, goes beyond simple ballots at election time. For the first time, I understood more objectively my subjective experiences of colonialism and neocolonialism, but within the constraints of a diploma of education programme this initial awareness of North-South relations remained limited. It was not to reawaken until a number of years later.

Upon returning to Malaysia to take up my teaching duties, I quickly felt an acute sense of frustration at the gaps between the theory of "good teaching" and life in classroom and schools. Especially in the Malaysian system, where a good teacher is one who can maintain utmost conscientiousness and quietude among students while producing high rates of examination success, and both curriculum and pedagogical frameworks are inflexibly prescribed to meet the demands of the "diploma disease", the struggle against co-optation proved most difficult.

It was primarily in the extra-curricular dimensions where opportunities were available to try and at least stretch the boundaries of this hierarchical, stratified, credentialized and essentially elitist education system. Apart from infusing values of self-esteem, cooperative spirit, sportspersonship and friendship over xenophobic competitive zeal through coaching the school's table-tennis club, I was able to encourage the "top" science-class students to become more aware of the social and cultural contexts of their formal education. In one school exhibition project, for example, we conducted a field trip during the weekends or after school hours to study pollution of the state's major river.

The contradictions between theory and practice, however, became too great to sustain continued existence as a Malaysian high school teacher. For besides the within-school conflicts, there was also structural violence imposed by Ministry of Education officials and technocrats who largely treated teachers with condescension and hierarchical dominance. Neo-colonial dependency also revealed itself in the educational system when a British expert came over to instruct Malaysian teachers about how to implement Nuffield discovery science. I was only later to find out that as an innovation, it was never considered even appropriate to be adopted in most British schools! And when I confronted the expert visiting my school of the fact that his demonstration film showed classes of perhaps ten or less students receiving intensive guidance by a teacher in a classroom superbly fitted with scientific equipment – conditions non-existent in average Malaysian schools – the expert could only shrug his shoulders and more or less confess that it was a problem, but in a way as if to disown any ethical responsibility for his role in promoting an irrelevant technology within a Third World context. Much later, when I became concerned with analyzing education's role in underdevelopment, I was able to make sense of this episode in terms of the dependency and North-centered dominance entrenched in much educational aid to the South.

When I left Malaysia to enter graduate studies in Alberta, Canada, the goal was ultimately "idealistic". Given that Malaysian educational decision-making was top-down and centralized, perhaps I could obtain "expert" qualifications in educational planning and management and then use them to reform those policies! Thus the next three years were spent dutifully absorbing the theories and values of educational administration, resulting in an M.Ed and coursework for the doctoral program. It was my second formation as a technocrat. Yet, as the socialization proceeded, I intuitively felt constrained as I recalled my earlier initial exposure to critical social theory. Apart from one course which introduced me to humanistic psychologists like Rogers and Maslow (some of whose ideas are meaningful to peace education), there was hardly anything that could have helped to awaken critical consciousness. The theoretical foundations of educational administration were predominantly drawn from corporate or management/

organizational analysis. "Good" administrators of schools and educational systems were supposed to draw their role-models from the world of corporations, inspired by values of efficiency, quantitative performance measures, accountability and other technocratic assumptions. The wider political, economic, social, and cultural contexts of organizations, including educational institutions, were not critically analyzed or challenged. Furthermore, relevance was not part of the agenda for training future educational administrators in that Canadian university. I was expected to ingest ideas, assumptions and theories based on the largely North American organizational experience and apply them to the Malaysian system.

Pushed by these frustrations of theoretical containment and contextual irrelevance, I eventually crossed the walls of educational administration and searched for critical knowledge spaces elsewhere on campus. Courses with a radical anthropologist provided me with a systematic analysis of power-structures and the symptoms and causes of structural violence both in "centre" and in "periphery" societies. Vietnam became fully understandable, and for the first time I was able to critically process my colonial and neocolonial identity. Exposure to a neoclassical economist explaining how "development" works confirmed the inappropriateness of the modernization paradigm for meeting the basic needs of Third World peoples. Contact with Kazim Bacchus, one of the leading critics of modernization thinking in educational development, finally convinced me to leave the world of technocratic administration behind. From an educational, professional, and ultimately political context replete with theoretical and practical contradictions, I transcended another decisive boundary to begin the journey into development education.

For the next four years, while researching the power-structure and development ideology of a North American think-tank, I experienced both pedagogical and activist encounters which made meaningful the essential linkages between theory/reflection and practice/action central to peace education. Public development education activities (e.g. films, seminars) were complemented by active involvement in the emergent Canadian anti-apartheid movement (e.g. consumer boycott pickets, rallies). When a lover of South African wines threatened to shore my boycott placard up my back, I appreciated the determination needed in sustaining active non-violent action. Formal teaching in courses on Third World education facilitated tentative and not always successful efforts in foreign pedagogies of dialogue and conscientization. I learned the value of solidarity through becoming a development educator, and constantly needed to remind myself not to cultivate an attachment to the culture of "expertism" or that split between theory and practice that academic institutions worldwide tend to encourage, even in critical or radical fields of knowing. A world infused with peace, justice, and compassion can only emerge when ideas, theories and values are actively translated into transformative practices.

Nurturing, Struggling and Evolving: Paths Along Peace Education

The shift away from technocratic expertise to development educator, combined with ethnic changes in Malaysian socio-political conditions, led me to a small university in the New England region of New South Wales, Australia. There, in a department of Social and Cultural Studies in the Faculty of Education, the eighties were to provide dialectical opportunities for nurturing, struggling and evolving towards peace education which needed to be increasingly holistic. The various paths that have opened up still require considerable energies to traverse; their directions not always clear. Nevertheless, the synergy arising from being able to practice a vocation in harmony with peaceful theory and values, as well as co-operating/acting in solidarity with like-minded and like-hearted people through local, national and global spaces, has helped sustain commitment and will continue to do so regardless of obstacles and frustrations.

Fortunately, a relatively open space in the curriculum offerings of my department enabled me to systematically develop a coherent, integrated program in Third World education, meaningful to both undergraduate and graduate candidates. The development education underpinnings of this programme was explicit from the beginning, exposing students to concepts, theories, analysis, issues and problems in global hunger, poverty, injustices, and North-South inequalities, as well as the dependent role of most Third World educational systems. Both the dominant, elitist modernization paradigm which has reinforced structural violence in poor nations (e.g. role of TNCs; IMF/World Bank export-oriented models; unjust local societal relationships backed by repressive government, etc.), and an alternative PEACE oriented paradigm of development based on principles of *p*articipation, *e*quity, *a*ppropriateness (e.g. technology, values), *c*onscientization, and *e*cological sustainability, are critically assessed in the courses. How education has served to complement social and political injustice, in contrast to pro-people and relevant educational structures/

relationships, has also been a key area for analysis and research among the program's candidates; including several Third World students who, unlike my own experience, at least were given opportunities for conscientization. While teaching, the dialogical mode also yielded me much learning from the experiences and insights of innumerable students from South and North.

Outside Armidale, I initiated vital links with workers in NGO development education, where dedicated volunteers and activists gave inspiring role-models and much needed solidarity. But it was the random chance to actively participate in the first Australian national peace conference, organized by the founders of the Peace Studies Curriculum Group (PSCG), which took me to the boundary between development education and the wider world of peace education.

Although a major focus of my teaching and outreach activities still lies in development education, it is now explicitly articulated as one dimension of a holistic framework in peace education. That first exposure to a "peace education" conference opened the doors to multiple issues and problems of peacelessness, conflict and violence that have plagued and continue to afflict Mother Earth. It was easy to draw the links between the arms race (nuclear and conventional), and global poverty, hunger, and structural violence within and across societies. A lack of development is mirrored in violations of human rights, including the oppression of tribal/indigenous peoples such as Australian Aboriginals, whose maltreatment from racism and discrimination had been largely invisible during my first unawakened visit to "down under" as a foreign student. I saw the relevance of conflict resolution theory to peaceful pedagogies, although I felt and still do that the now popular conflict resolution movement tends to under-emphasize the role of structural violence in societal/institutional/community conflicts.

The effort to actualize peace education brought a mix of small achievements, failures of optimistic joy, and pessimistic frustrations. Apart from building up a meaningful post-graduate program and therefore creating some democratic space for concerned Australian and Third World students to critically develop skills, knowledge and values towards peace education and peace building, I endeavoured, wherever possible, to infuse peaceful theory and practice through various formal or nonformal channels. My attempt to move the local branch of Community Aid Abroad from a merely fund raising "charitable" approach to active development education met more resistance than expected, despite CAA's national reputation as an NGO dedicated to aid for conscientization and transformation, not pity and dependency.

Beginning a public education campaign on development issues, I found myself sometimes showing films to audiences of three or four. But when we were able to invite to Armidale Fr. Brian Gore, the Columban priest who had been imprisoned by Marcos, the lecture halls were overflowing. However, despite his inspiring calls for solidarity from Australians for their oppressed Third World brothers and sisters, development education in the city of Armidale (touted as the region's premier educational centre containing one teachers college, one university and several high-achieving public and private schools) remained slow and difficult. It was a sobering lesson in exposing conscientization principles to human beings largely cushioned from the daily sufferings of poor, oppressed, and marginalized communities at home and especially abroad.

Not surprisingly too, on campus, any critique of the modernization paradigm and suggestions for an alternative PEACE paradigm for Third World development was not well received in academic departments or faculties of economic and rural science. In these departments, several lecturers and researchers were themselves involved in or supportive of World Bank/IMF strategies for integrating the Third World into the advanced industrialized world system. There was even an attempt on the part of a few neoconservative professors to attack the peace and development education program by riding on the coat-tails of the "new right" magazine, *Quadrant*. One editorial which irresponsibly described my courses as "tendentious" and unfit academic offerings, was sent to the pro-vice chancellor's office, setting off a chain of official concern! It was a tactic consistent with neoconservative campaigns worldwide to discredit peace educators as "subversives", underscoring the need for the peace education community to be ever vigilant and to continually develop appropriate strategies to transcend the obstacles set up by counter-peace forces and interests.

Notwithstanding the neoconservative challenge, the favorable attitudes and concerns among Australian school teachers through unions and professional subject associations (e.g. Australian Geography Teachers Association, Social Education Association) provided important opportun- ities for institutionalizing peace education. Committed staff members in various state and denominational education departments also facilitated such activities. Together with other peace education colleagues, I offered ideas, skills and simultaneously learned fresh insights and creative approaches in many in-service workshops, seminars and conferences. As a member of the NSW schools syllabus committee in "Studies in Society" (junior social studies), I sought possible opportunities to integrate peace education perspectives. The formation of an Australian Association for Peace, Justice and Development Education, which later joined with the peace researchers' organization to become the Australian Peace Education and Research Association, provided an opportunity to be involved in network-building – a slow but necessary process for sharing ideas, concerns, skills, and hopes, and in the Australian case, to sustain bridges between peace education and peace research which has often been neglected in other places.

Back on campus our group of peace educators successfully introduced a peace studies major in B.A. and M. Litt. Programs. Though enrollments were initially small, the establishment of this major represented an act of institutional legitimation which managed to transcend on one hand, the conventional preference for disciplinary rather than interdisciplinary studies, and on the other hand, the neoconservative campaign against peace education.

These experiences in institutionalizing the peace paradigm through various entry points, which yielded encouraging and positive outcomes, illustrated one important insight for doing peace education, namely, that while the formal structures and relationships embodied in educational systems can be dominated by counter-peaceful tendencies, nevertheless they are sites for struggle and contest. The interstices and "cracks" in the edifices favoring structural violence and other manifestations of peacelessness need to be constantly searched out and infused as a helpful step in the transformative process. Peace education, practiced as active non-violence, is equally an expression of peace action; for if schools and other educational institutions are viewed only as agents of reproduction of the status-quo and left unchallenged, they will be that much more effective and functional in helping to maintain dominant power-structures.

In 1986, nations were called upon to observe the International Year of Peace (IYP). Many were not bothered while some made token gestures; but among the so-called rich countries, Australia made a noticeable effort. The Labour federal government, whilst unprepared to enact a non-aligned foreign policy (which would remove the US bases and challenge the American nuclear juggernaut as New Zealand bravely did regarding visits of US warships), nevertheless supported many IYP projects to awaken public consciousness about building a more peaceful world. In one such project, I organized an Armidale peace education conference which at least exposed citizens in the rural North-West to the arms race, global hunger, Aboriginal oppression, and peaceful conflict resolution for schools and communities. However, at the personal level, IYP was the key catalyst which enabled me to transcend one further boundary as a peace educator; namely to connect with colleagues in other continents and countries. The Philippines context has been and continues to be the most personally challenging and engaging development in educating for peace and justice.

The 1986 biennial conference of the International Peace Research Association (IPRA) in Sussex, England, which I attended thanks to the encouragement of Robin Burns, then Executive Secretary of IPRA's Peace Education Commission, initiated valuable linkages with peace educators and some peace researchers from many places, including Betty Reardon (USA), Mildred Masheder (U.K), Åke Bjerstedt (Sweden), Anima Bose (India), Jomo Sundaram (Malaysia), Robert Aspeslagh (Netherlands) and Ohtori Kurino (Japan). In mid-1986, Hiroshima was the site for two educators' gatherings – the fifth triennial conference of the World Council for Curriculum and Instruction (WCCI), and an International Institute on Peace Education (IIPE) organized by Betty Reardon. Both events extended the fruitful sharing of ideas and concerns from educators working for peace in diverse cultural, social and political circumstances, especially Robert Zuber of New York, Estela Matriano of Cincinnati, Terry Carson of Canada, and Virginia Floresca-Cawagas of the Philippines. But the opportunity to participate in the Hiroshima remembrance ceremony on August 6th, to visit the A-bomb shrine and museum, and to hear *hibakushas* bravely recounting their tragic suffering so that other human beings would wake up to the folly of the arms race, proved truly inspirational in renewing my commitment to peacebuilding. Yet, as I gently suggested to my Japanese colleagues during the Hiroshima IIPE, disarmament education, while vital, is only one dimension of peace education. Given Japan's role, through its transnational corporations and governmental policies, in reinforcing Third World underdevelopment (e.g. exploitation of poor workers or farmers, ecological destruction), is it not equally important that Japanese peace education go beyond the nuclear threat to conscientize citizens about their TNCs' and/or government's complicity in structural violence, human rights violations and environmental plunder?

Going abroad during the YIP also enabled a meaningful exposure to peace education in the United Kingdom. Spending time and becoming good friends with the dedicated David Hicks and his research students at the Centre of Peace Studies, St. Martin's College in Lancaster was an affirming experience. Creative, influential work such as David's World Studies and Peace Studies projects can and do emerge from small places without the extensive resources and facilities of the institutions. Likewise I was impressed by and learned from the dedication and output (e.g. curriculum kits, educational resources) of staff and volunteers in several Development Education Centres across that country. And at the Annual conference of the World Studies Association, I found many common issues and concerns to share with British colleagues also facing neoconservative criticisms, public indifference or negative reaction, including questions about what peace education means in theory and practice.

But it was not until late 1986, when I made my first visit to the Philippines, that peace education as a holistic, dialectical framework became truly meaningful in theory and practice to me. Conversations with Fr. Brian Gore when he visited Armidale a few years earlier, had stirred an interest to see the Philippines, to dialogue with and understand Filipinos who had experienced decades of oppression and repression, not least under the Marcos dictatorship. I will always be grateful to Fr. Gore for reminding me that anyone working in development education must always be in periodic touch with the grassroots in the Third World, otherwise our understanding, no matter how sincere, becomes abstracted and academic. Most importantly, experiencing for oneself conditions of marginalization is a humbling act of solidarity with those who daily suffer in such situations while deepening one's conscience, empathy, and compassion. Thus since 1986, my work in cooperating with Filipino peace educators and peacebuilders like Virginia Floresca-Cawagas, Ofelia Durante, Fr. Al Carino, Teresita Quintos-Deles, Ed Garcia, Riza Hontiveros, Fr. Shay Cullen, Fr. Sean McDonagh, Fr. Sebastiano D'Ambra and numerous others in various provinces or regions, has undoubtedly contributed to crossing a significant personal boundary in educating for peace and justice.

The stories and episodes of this ongoing journey in developing peace education in the Philippines, filled with small successes, frustrating setbacks, tensions, exhaustion, apprehensions about uncertain futures, and yet synergic hopes, are too detailed to be fully documented in this paper. But a recalling of highlights of these experiences will hopefully illustrate the complexities, the "yin and yang", of doing peace education. The beginning was primarily accidental, when I was called upon to be a last minute replacement for the then Education Secretary, Dr. Lourdes Quisumbing, to give the keynote address at the launching conference of the Peace Studies Center, Xavier University in the southern island of Mindanao. Catalyzed by the interested response of participants to the tentative global framework of peace education which I presented, a plan to establish and concretize the framework in the Philippine context took shape. In collaboration with Virginia Floresca-Cawagas, a paradigm for Filipino peace education was therefore articulated, and since 1987, numerous workshops seminars, conferences and university courses have provided dialogical vehicles for refining and elaborating our ideas.

Essentially, the framework comprises six clusters of major issues or problems of conflicts, violence and peacelessness prevalent in the Philippines whose root causes need understanding and which need to be overcome by creative active nonviolent strategies of transformation. A first problem is *militarization* as expressed in the global arms race, local armed conflicts (insurgency, counter-insurgency, coup attempts, US bases) and the culture of violence (e.g. media war toys). Secondly, there is *structural violence* manifested in daily hunger, poverty and injustices (e.g. rich-poor gaps; agrarian inequalities; elitist trickle down modernization policies; homelessness, street children; external dominance by TNCs and IMF/World Bank). Thirdly, the framework deals with *human rights* violations, from arbitrary detentions, massacres, torture and other civil-political infringements to the lack of rights of tribal communities, women and children, and the overall neglect of basic economic and social needs. A fourth problem considers *cultural solidarity* issues centered on intercultural conflicts, distrust, racism, discrimination and even violence (e.g. claims for tribal or Muslim autonomy; Moro liberation groups). Fifthly, the framework awakens awareness about *environmental care* to save the Philippine earth, forest, air, and water from further destruction and abuse, thereby ensuring societal survival. Finally but not least, there is the issue of *personal peace*, which focuses upon the need to develop spiritualities and inner beings more consistent with peaceful values, attitudes and lifestyles.

As these six clusters of problems or issues of peacelessness are presented, the principles of holism, dialogue, and conscientization are also emphasized within the creative pedagogies or teaching-learning strategies used in all workshops. Holism requires that the inter-relationships among all issues are fully understood so as to avoid partial solutions; and that all levels (personal to global) of peacelessness are connected. Dialogue implies more horizontal relationships between "teacher" and "student" as the most effective vehicle to critical thinking and to enable teachers to also learn from their students' realities and knowledge. And conscientization means that understanding conflicts and peacelessness translates into consistent personal and social empowerment, and action for transformation. In the process, the marginalized awaken to their realities of oppression and repression and seek active nonviolent strategies to transcend those realities towards more justice and liberation. Simultaneously, the less marginalized, the "haves", and even the powerful, are moved to work for a more compassionate and sharing world.

Since 1987, the workshops for peace education have involved thousands of teachers, educators, community citizens, religious workers and NGO representatives in almost all regions of the country. Host institutions or agencies have included schools, dioceses, colleges universities, regional/international IIPEs, WCCI-Philippines, national/regional educational associations and the national Peace Commission. In terms of outreach, there is still much left to do: uncovered provinces and cities; follow-ups to sustain and consolidate the interest generated by initial workshops. But each working encounter further validated the major features and emphases of the framework, at least in terms of relevance to local situations and the capacity of the workshops to motivate critical self-reflection and an expressed willingness among many participants to try their hands, hearts, and minds at implementing peace education in their local contexts.

The possibilities for dialogue and hopefully even some conscientization through our framework and pedagogical processes were perhaps nowhere more highlighted than in two workshops conducted with a hundred soldiers and officers of the Philippine Armed Forces in Mindanao. These experiences of peacefully educating those well socialized into war and violence, as well as possessing a strong ideology of political conservatism suspicious of "peace and justice" concerns, demonstrated that beneath the uniforms, gunbelts, and armalites (which were brought to the workshops), soldiers are also human beings. Their participation reflected a capacity to feel compassion for the marginalized, to express a sense of outrage at social injustices and to engage in critical self-reliant thinking, possibly for the first time in their working lives.

The second major dimension of our work in Philippine peace education has been the establishment of the first ever graduate program in peace and development education in the country. Twice yearly visits to Notre Dame University in Cotabato City, Mindanao, since 1987 – initially as volunteer, and now as a consultant under the International Development Program of Australian Universities – have been used to teach core courses each focusing on a particular issue or problem in the framework (e.g. "Global Development and Social Justice"; "Human Rights Education; "Disarmament Education;" "Environmental Education;" etc.). Time is also spent in advising some two dozen masters and doctoral candidates, most of whom are faculty members of the host university and of other regional institutions.

Again, as in the Australian context, such formal peace education endeavours require patience, persistence and a hopeful attitude. Despite support from the highest levels of university administration, notably the President Fr. Jose Ante, OMI, Executive Vice-President Fr. Al Carino, OMI, and the enthusiastic commitment of the Dean of Arts and Sciences Ofelia Durante, and her core team who comprise the Peace Edu- cation Center, progress in institutionalizing peace education has called upon substantial energies, a willingness to slowly move forward, and constant critical reflection on the validity of our approaches and strategies. The lessons of implementing the peace education program at Notre Dame University in the Philippines convinced me above all else, that trans- formation towards a more peaceful institution must be creatively multi- dimensional, holistic, and assertive while remaining sensitive to local re- alities and constraints.

It is not possible to do justice to the complexities of doing peace education in the Philippines in a short space and without a collaborative analysis that also draws upon the insights and commitments of my good colleague Virginia Floresca-Cawagas. Perhaps one tentative indicator of the utility of this path along peace education has been the awarding of the national peace prize by the Concerned Women's Association of the Philippines in successive years to two institutions under whose auspices much of our peace education efforts have been fulfilled, namely WCCI-Philippines (1989) and the Notre Dame University Peace Education Center (1990). But in our hearts, minds and spirit, beyond this symbolic and official recognition, the ultimate success of peace education endeavours in the Philippines is whether they can help awaken critical consciousness of and catalyze active nonviolent action by Filipino citizens, including educators, towards building a more peaceful and just society.

It is now nearly a decade after the historic and world-famous EDSA revolution, when people-power combined with a military rebellion ousted the oppressive and repressive Marcos regimes. Yet, many manifestations of conflict, violence, and peacelessness continue. Indeed, they have worsened with the combination of successive natural disasters, unchecked ecological rape, human suffering from unjust and needless poverty, ongoing or renewed militarization, watered-down agrarian reform legislation, and the proposed push for rapid industrialization. EDSA restored traditional forms of political democracy but certainly did not signal the transformation towards social, cultural, and economic democracy without which a more humane, just, compassionate, sharing, self-reliant and nonviolent society can remain only an unrealized dream. It is at least a hope (after all, what sincere peace educator would ever cease being hopeful) among the community of peace educators in the Philippines that educating for peace and justice will help bring life to that dream, and that active nonviolent strategies can replace armed conflicts and other violent expressions of unpeacefulness. In recent years possible insights from this peace education work in the Philippines have been shared abroad as well, primarily through International Institutes on Peace education and IPRA meetings. These opportunities to bring ideas from the South to the North are very meaningful expressions of the reversal of knowledge/information flows which have hitherto moved from powerful affluent nations to marginalized societies in our present unequal world order.

In 1994, I inhabit once more the learning and growing spaces within the University of Alberta where some twenty years ago I took some halting steps towards a tentative vision of peace building. But these same spaces now provide opportunities to share a much clearer vision and ideas for transformative practices with human beings who will shortly engage in the teaching profession. Yet, the challenges and struggles to catalyze minds, hearts, and spirit towards empowered participation in peace education and peace building remain equally compelling. Among a generation who have grown up within the globalized context of North American advanced industrialized and high mass-consumption culture, evoking a critical understanding of and solidarity for South and North peoples' suffering demands much patience and creativity. Why should Canadian children spend time on "global" issues when they should be concentrating on the three Rs and local problems? Why should Canada promote multi-culturalism and intercultural respect when our only need is to unite everybody under the "one" Canadian culture? Should not schools be preparing children to compete and succeed in the global economy instead of offering irrelevant and unproductive curricula such as global or peace education? Why should an aboriginal minority claim special rights as "First Nations" when they should, like everyone else, make use of available societal opportunities to improve themselves individually? Is it not unrealistic for environmental advocates to impose limits on growth and technology given massive progress in human welfare from western-inspired industrialization? These questions, raised sometimes by prospective teachers who explicitly endorse neoconservative and fundamentalist world views, all need to be demystified in pedagogically appropriate ways so that the seeds of self-questioning can germinate. There seems to be a familiar ring to the story. However, a story telling that learns at the same time from reflective practice will hopefully yield enhanced and more empowered strategies of educating for peace.

Yin and Yang: Contradictions and Holism

Looking back into one's roots, background, and environmental influences, as has been the task in this essay, convinces me more than ever that the struggle to build a peaceful earth follows the yin and yang dialectics illuminated by the Daoist sages. The path is usually not smooth or linear, but potted with conflicts and contradictions of which one's very own personal and social existence can never be totally free. The holism that we strive for in theory and practice is therefore always in flux as boundaries are reached, stretched and transcended, and occasionally even shrunk in the face of errors or powerful forces inimical to peacefulness. The only constant, however, must be a firm, clear commitment to seek and hold onto the essence of the vision and mission, so that even under the most adverse conditions, the hope that sustains action is never extinguished.

The various boundaries that I have traversed (and inevitably will continue to emerge) yield possible lessons for the growth of peace education. From my childhood and upbringing, including formal schooling, it is obvious that even a colonial and neo-colonial framework could not inhibit the eventual response of my psyche and inner being to stimuli from the peace paradigm. Possibly my cultural roots, drawn from worldviews and traditions not commensurate with the underpinning epistemological, ontological and axiological foundations of my Westernized education, served as a defensive wall. Perhaps then, there is a constructive place in the curriculum of all children for a sensitive exposure to spiritual, existential, and cultural philosophies different from their own. And of course, if my schooling had been infused with dialogue and conscientization, then my awakening to the peace paradigm could have been easier and earlier.

By the same token, it is easy to understand why many scientists, having undergone a narrowly technocratic curriculum, find it difficult to consider that they have social responsibilities; that they play, even if unwittingly, a significant role in the ongoing destruction of planet Earth. When future educational administrators, economists, business managers, and other professionals from the Third World are trained to become technocrats *a la* the modernization paradigm, it is not surprising that they return well-skilled in and value-oriented towards elitist development policies and programs. Thus, peace education in North universities and colleges also should create opportunities for South students to become familiar with alternative pro-people development perspectives within mainstream disciplines (e.g. economics, business, science, engineering, medicine, administration). While formal education never guarantees conscientization, at least there will likely be more returning graduates who have learned to analyze critically, are more questioning of technocratic assumptions and strategies, and are less likely to accept co-optation by elite structures and systems of their society.

Contradictions on the journey towards a peaceful world are also internal, whether they be personal or social. From issues of lifestyle (e.g. waste, extravagance, ecological abuse) to personality tendencies (e.g. egotism, arrogance, selfishness, violence, fame and fortune seeking, racism, sexism), as well as a failure to relate theory to concrete practice (e.g. not listening actively, banking pedagogy), there is always a need to be self-critical and self-transforming. In the latter regard, as Fr. Gore reminded me at a crucial juncture of my journey, peace educators in the North must make real and concrete their professions of solidarity with the marginalized in the South. Yet, there are still North peace advocates whose networking virtually revolves around Northern and Western contexts, and who thereby miss inspiring opportunities to be enriched and humbled by the grassroots struggles of sisters and brothers to build a more peaceful and just world under the most difficult conditions.

On the organizational, community, and social level, peace educators too need to be open to critical self-assessment and improvement. The task of building a sustained consensus amongst a properly pluralistic diversity of emphases, goals and projects is inevitably complex and difficult. But especially where there is a failure to be open about commitments or to practice horizontal dialogical relationships, the seeds of organizational fragmentation are sown. Most importantly, all those involved in peace education and research organizations need to consciously practice organizational democracy and avoid the reproduction of traditional North-South hierarchies or those unpeaceful divisions based on gender, ethnicity, class, and/or intellectual elitism.

Last but not least, the North-South divide that underpins the prevailing global political economic and cultural systems can be unwittingly sustained even in the peacebuilding community. Unlike NGO development educators who deem it vital to learn from and share ideas in solidarity with South practitioners, there is still a tendency among peace educators in the North to learn primarily from North colleagues. Hence considerable resources and energies can be devoted to inviting internationally known resource persons from distant North regions; while active, knowledgeable and experienced educators in nearby South contexts are hardly contacted and tapped for their grassroots experience. Unless peace educators can consciously build dialogical and horizontal relationships with counterparts in all sectors of the world, then our consciousness, understanding and psyches will remain constrained by the centre-periphery syndrome, and our possible contributions to holistic peace education and peace building will be less holistic than possible.

In recent times, there has been a rather premature assessment, especially by those who were skeptics in the first place, that peace studies, peace education and the like are "outdated" because of the ending of the so-called "cold war". From a peace education framework, this conclusion reveals a naive and superficial analysis of planetary realities as reflected in the Gulf war, inter-ethnic conflagrations in the former Yugoslavia and Rwanda, and the growing millions of hungry and marginalized peoples entrapped in local and global structural violence. Thus peace education and its complementary peacebuilding cannot but remain urgent in a world entrenched in structures, relationships, philosophies, and cultural assumptions of violence, selfishness, injustice, intolerance and repression. A peaceful compassionate merciful and humane world is possible if we weave our individual and collective *karmas* towards that image, and the recent steps towards peace and justice in conflict sites like South Africa and the Middle East, no matter how complex, stir hopeful energies for such possibilities.

This personal reflection began with a Chinese proverb about taking the first step, if any journey is to be accomplished. Several small steps have been made, hopefully bringing us closer to the vision of a more peaceful and just world. Many more will need to be treaded, but as with many friends in the peace education community, hopefulness is a necessary virtue, a source of energy to continue the often slow journey. For me, one experience which continually inspires a sense of hope is reflected in a recent recollection of doing peace education in the Philippines.

> "... as we round a bend on a mountain road in South Cotabato in Mindanao... there suddenly before our eyes, nestling amidst bamboo-lined hills, lies the magical Lake Sebu. In this ancestral domain of the gentle T'boli people, we meet the kind womenfolk who showed us one of their ancient tribal traditions. Patiently, quietly and skillfully, they weave numerous multicoloured threads into the spiritually inspired t' nalak tapestry designs which are indeed a precious gift to the Filipino multicultural society. As peace educators, let us all attempts to learn from them and to cultivate that same degree of patience, commitment

and humility as we try to gently weave a culture of peace within ourselves, in our communities, throughout the nation and around Mother Earth."

Additional Readings

It would need more space than available to list those thinkers and practitioners who have influenced, taught and inspired me in my journey of peace education. But many of their key works are found in the extensive bibliographies of various papers and books that I have authored and which also elaborate an issues, ideas and episodes recounted in my story. The reader will note that a number of my significant writings were co-authored with Virginia Floresca-Cawagas. Those writings appear at the end of Virginia's essay written for this volume.

– (1987) "Survival and Solidarity: Australia and Third World Peace" *Social Alternatives* 7(2): 59-66

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– (1988) "Justice and Development" in David Hicks (Ed.) *Education for Peace*. London: Routledge, pp. 122-141

– (1988) "Neo-conservatives and Controversies in Australia Peace Education: Some Critical Reflections and a Counter-Strategy", of Chadwick Alger & Michael Stohl (Eds.) *A Just Peace Through Transformation.* Boulder, CO: Westview, pp. 211-232

– (1988) "The Lotus: A Metaphor for North-South Peace Education", in Terrance Carson (Ed.) *Renaissance of Humanity: Rethinking and Reorienting Curriculum and Instruction.* Indiana: World Council for Curriculum and Instruction. pp. 286-300

– & Burns, R. (1989) "Educating for Peace: The Australian Experience" *Convergence* 22(1): 61-74

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REFLECTIONS FROM THE MARGINS

Robert Zuber

Education and Dissent

I was not born to do peace education. I wonder if anyone is. I may have been born to dissent, though I have rarely manifest the courage to do so with sufficient patience and compassion. I don't think I was born to teach either, though I have had some limited success at it, and though I know that all of us, unwittingly or otherwise, are destined to teach. Teaching as profession leads inexorably to the schoolhouse door, not the most welcoming passage way in this culture for persons with a penchant for dissent, especially a penchant that is struggling for an active, if imperfect incarnation in the world rather than a merely formal articulation.

Over the years of my education and work, it has become clear to me just how much of the attention of peace educators has been focussed on the schools – locating spaces within the curriculum from elementary through graduate levels for the kinds of issues and pedagogical priorities which are congenial to the peace education process. Many peace educators have, for reasons of preference or survival, aligned themselves with the universities, places where persons are allegedly free to pursue issues and ideas which are germane to the world which they are attempting to build. I understand the attraction, and some of the needs which that attraction serves. It has, however, often made me uncomfortable for reasons which might become apparent over these next few pages.

I have come to believe, for instance, that those in peace education should rethink their relationship with the schools, at the very least in order to avoid harmful or unfounded expectations. It is important to be reminded that education is not the unique province of the schools and their practices. Education about the world and its values takes place in a variety of contexts, including families, the media, the churches, the streets. I have had some wonderful teachers in my life, the names of whom will literally punctuate these pages. However, much of what I know has come to me from sources beyond school walls. Further, some of the most important learning in my life has actually required me to reject the apparent certainties of school-based learning. The formal work of schools is one, potentially valuable component of the education of young people. However, it is difficult to make the case now, if it ever was, that schools control the work of education itself. If peace education is to make its claims upon the wider culture, all aspects of the general educational process must be addressed. School-based lessons without cultural participation and reflection will certainly not bring us towards more peaceful and just social interactions.

In schools, it is clear that the implicit curriculum – the knowledge and values which exist as unstated assumptions of school life – exerts great influence over the lives and choices of students. To the extent that classrooms can have transformative effects in the lives of students, curriculum must be combined with teaching which promotes friendship, tells people the truth about the world, magnifies occasions for mature, responsible interactions, provides spaces for active dissent, and opens doors for people into a world of creative risk. I have had people in my life who have given me these and other essential ingredients. It is painful when we forget, as we sometimes do, that pockets of humane pedagogical interaction can easily be swallowed up in schools committed to adult-centered systems of knowledge and social control. Many of us who have taught have invested substantial energy in attempting to provide, often without sufficient maturity and kindness, alternatives for learning and friendship within school settings. Such efforts, by and large, are doomed to failure unless they can evolve into school-wide commitments to fairness, justice and compassion. The rights of students, occasionally acknowledged within individual classrooms, cannot have sufficient effect without school-wide commitments to these rights and the curriculum which supports them. As in other areas of peace education, we can do our best work only in the company of individuals with similar aims and commitments. Acting alone, more often than we would like to admit, means acting ineffectively.

ii.

It is important, I think, for peace educators to be wary of alliances with universities, especially alliances which result only in professional positions far from the centers of power and decision making. Despite a lack of open hostility to peace education, modern universities too often reflect what is an increasingly self-serving, and narrow knowledge base, one which excludes much in the way of ethical, spiritual, affective or aesthetic affairs. University classrooms infrequently dare to project into the future, and faculty all too rarely confess their epistemological biases. While permitting discussion about the injustices of the world, classrooms rarely facilitate or tolerate such discussions within and about the "community of scholars" themselves. This failure to make normative claims upon a community of significant, if temporary importance to students, virtually insures that students learn something about the world, but precious little about themselves. Wendell Berry has noted that we teach, not because we are so wise and courageous, but because there is no one else to do it. This humility from one so prescient is encouraging. However, there is much about the pursuit of life's great questions which can be impacted through the wisdom of age, if only it could be shared without the burdens of power and hierarchy. The roots of university indifference to matters of personal import are complex and rather painful for some. There certainly was pain for me. Suffice to say that too many in our universities have a vested interest in impersonal, abstract, material knowledge which strips universities both of ethical wisdom and of relationships which can transform and renew human life.

Peace education can certainly make some accommodation to universities, their biases and needs. However, there should be no compromising on issues of knowledge and value, of status and power. Like many other people, I grew up in environments where I was chastised for much of the insight and independent thought which I was able to muster. Having achieved some small measure of personal maturity and confidence, it occurs to me that much of what I used to "get in trouble" for, in and out of school, turned out to have some genuine validity for at least some people in the world. The lesson in all of this is not one of personal vindication, to which I am not entitled; rather, of the need to scrutinize the claims of teachers and others claiming to hold the keys to "truth." The issues for all schools refer not only to objective reality, but to compassion, intuition, and especially power. Until we can place power in its proper contexts, demythologizing its abilities to disrupt lives, threaten self-esteem and create needless dependencies, we have not come to terms with the central issue of the peace education process. One does not have to be a card-carrying anarchist in order to understand that power divorced from specified rationales is subject to a myriad of unnamed abuses. One speaks of power, not for its glorification, but as a contribution towards the limitation of its reach. We speak of power so that we can name those spaces between and within persons which must never be manipulated or violated without prior consent. We also speak of power so that those who come in contact with it know, in very precise terms, the limits of their own liability in the face of its demands.

I am currently holding the position of Senior Program Officer of the World Order Models Project in New York. From this vantage point, I have access to the ideas and processes of progressive, "new world order" thinking in the U.S. and elsewhere – much of it needlessly arrogant. From here, it is clear why it is essential for power to be named and confessed, over and over. We have gained some ground in our ability to name specific abuses perpetrated against persons by those in power with no regard for the consequences of their actions. We have done little, however, to challenge the assumptions and prerogatives of power itself, most of which are not publicly accountable. Until and unless persons of all stations have the power to say "no" – to exert personal preferences without fear of job, grade or even life-threatening retribution--peace educators will only be in the position to patch wounds without addressing the deeper causes of wounds which appear, again and again, in every area of life. Peace educators, with their affinities squarely within the domain of the poor and powerless, must continue to address the manifestations of power which keep many persons, of all stripes and circumstances, in permanent positions of dependence and powerlessness. By the same token, peace educators must insist that powerlessness not be accepted as a permanent condition by those who might benefit, in some perverse manner, from their continuing victimization. The road to healthy self-determination requires vigilance, courage, and some timely assistance from others, and peace educators must commit themselves to inspiring such healing contexts.

One of the ways for us to address powerlessness is through an examination of our own lives, lives in action and, in my case at least, lives on the margins. Which persons and which situations have helped each of us to transcend barriers of fear and ignorance in pursuit of responsible self-determination? In my own interactions with school, friends and family, many blessings have become apparent. My life has been enhanced through continual contact with persons of diverse talents and viewpoints – persons willing to take responsible risks in exchange for the privilege of creating new forms of thinking and acting in the world. Such persons have, above all else, helped me to see more deeply and comprehensively than my upbringing and educational training, by themselves, would have allowed. People willing to entrust me with their stories, people willing to engage in spontaneous acts of emotional and pedagogical generosity, extending invitations to greater and greater participation in important conversations, people willing to forgive in me what I found it impossible to forgive in myself – such people have been essential players in an evolving set of political, religious and educational commitments. More than anything else, these persons have convinced me that personal fulfillment is consummated only in what the philosopher John Macmurray constituted as the goal of education and life – *friendships* which confirm and elevate formal learning, giving it the power to change the way life is actually lived in this complex, bewildering world.

This is risky education, in the broadest sense, but it is genuine education. Indeed, it may be education which is now beyond the scope, interest or capacity of schools as they are presently constituted. To the extent that this is true, peace educators must embrace, more willingly, strategies for non-formal education geared towards the promotion of freedom, social and political discernment, and friendship. We have to build educational networks of persons committed to naming their own learning goals and developing their own expertise out of a vast array of sources and resources available in the public domain. We have to affirm circles of learning which transcend age and class boundaries, ones which combine some traditional pedagogical goals with a commitment to exploration incorporating the needs and visions of the learners.

The future is uncertain, even for the most prescient. We in peace education have staked a claim on a vision of the future, however opaque, which we hope to build. Such a vision requires a valid and comprehensive knowledge base, personal characteristics and skills which cannot be reduced to traditional curricular forms and methods. Building a context for these skills and knowledge should be a high priority for all of us seeking to assist in the making of a world we wish to build, but one which we are only beginning to imagine.

Faith and Feeling

Peace education points to pursuits which, almost by definition, require more of us than we can ever muster. There are too many emotional demands, too much scrutiny of an uncertain future, too many issues to integrate, too many financial hurdles to overcome, too many wounds to heal – both in ourselves and in the world. It is true, for every human endeavor, that the road to enlightenment is paved with hypocrisy, and we peace educators have created more than our share of pavement. This is not an indictment, but rather an acknowledgment that we still do not know enough, or know deeply enough, to live the life required by our visions. There is so much consciousness to raise, so many demons to wrestle with, so many needs to attend to, so many perspectives to defend before wary political and academic establishments. There is joy in this work, and in abundance, but also feelings of frustration and inadequacy. We who do this work feel "stretched" to our personal limits much of the time, stretched by our schedules and the demands of the world yet to come, the world to which our actions in some way must somehow point.

There is, then, the need to create and magnify occasions for joy in this work, not only because the joy is true and real, but because we are attempting to become worthy and attractive ambassadors for the world we are helping to build. We can celebrate our lives and dance our dances. We can make friendship within this work the highest of priorities. We can show compassion to one another when we have been denied it elsewhere. We can see and share the beauty and the goodness which is not routinely recognized. For only in these ways can our work and struggles be truly attractive and meaningful to those who would take up our projects after us. Only in these ways is joy able to seduce as well as task. My mentor at Columbia University, Philip Phenix, often remarked that happiness is the product of a life lived well. But happiness as process can also fortify lives engaged with a sense of integrity, courage and commitment. Some of my close friends in the "peace and justice movement," including Esther Cassidy, Melinda Moore, Pat Nolan, Carol Fouke, Dorie Wilsnack and Mac Legerton, know a great deal about how to laugh in the midst of difficult organizational and emotional circumstances. There is surely tragedy and comedy at the heart of most human encounters. We need to learn to cry better and we need to learn to laugh better. Mourning and joy share many common origins.

ii.

The heading to this section begins with faith, not as a means of paying homage to doctrines and liturgies, but as a pledge – my own pledge – to make my work for peace and justice a coherent, integrated extension of a belief in a personal, redeemed world. To speak of a "personal" world is a theoretical commonplace. However, in societies which seem increasingly committed to materialism and neo-positivist abstractions about "human nature," it is essential to affirm, in every peacemaking event, the sacred and creative space represented by each and every person. Perhaps, as Martin

Buber understood, this space is most profoundly present in the children of the world. For, with every human birth, there is a sense in which the human race truly begins again. It "begins" as a set of possibilities which have not occurred before in quite the same way. It is so difficult to pay proper homage to the wonder of these infant embodiments of creative possibility, especially in a mistrustful, competitive world. We have fashioned a world which is essentially hostile to children, even as we continue to pay homage to our "family values" focused on children's needs. Despite this inconsistency, heeding the cries of the young is one of the tasks to which we must direct ourselves – our ideals and energies.

And what of redemption? Participating in liturgies at All Saints Church in East Harlem, or working in youth and AIDS ministries with the wonderful companionship of Cristal Sumpter and Regina Burns, I have found myself wondering about the core of the faith I profess, a core which I cannot always touch. We are asked to live as though this were a redeemed world, one which has been visited and sanctified by a God who loves our struggles and our messes more than we seem to. In addition, we are called to live as redeemed persons, persons who have been found acceptable prior to any thoughts or actions which could earn or lose acceptance, at least by our own standards. Can we even imagine how our own lives, and our churches, would change if we could only believe, at our most vulnerable levels, the truth of that divine offer? It has often occurred to me that many church people, myself included, place themselves in the pews, week after week, hoping to deepen their link to that elusive, sacred acceptance.

I have known persons demonstrating a faith which literally embarrasses my own, persons of diverse talents, skills and circumstances, persons who would likely be embarrassed, themselves, by the notion of their faith being a model for others. My dear friends Virginia Floresca-Cawagas, Jim Torrens and Verlyn Barker have taught me much about living and loving in a redeemed world. So did Maureen Roach, formerly of the Religious Task Force. So have many of my other friends, especially at those moments when their acts of courage and insight transcend the limitations of their circumstances. Some of the greatest teachings given to us have come from seemingly unlikely sources. Such, in our time, is the nature of sainthood. For us, the saints are generally not the ones of exemplary skill and achievement. They are, instead, the ones who can live successfully within the paradoxes and limitations of their lives. As peacemakers, they are the ones who do more, and care more, and understand more, and transform more, than their credentials and talents and personal well-being would ever suggest. They are the ones who rise above themselves, even if they do not always rise above the rest.

Among my greatest teachers in matters of faith and sainthood was one Charles Griswold, my supervisor at St. Ann's Episcopal Church in Old Lyme, Connecticut. Charles and I were cut from different cloth. I was a flashy and talented neophyte clergy. He was a talented, but relatively simple country pastor. I could make ideas come alive for people, bringing "Ivy League" insights to bear upon local issues and problems. Charles often struggled to make his Gospel relevant within a Sunday liturgy. Charles had a stable life and a devoted family. My life was perpetually in flux, and rather exciting by conventional standards. We loved each other greatly. Furthermore, it was clear to everyone, except myself, that Charles had found the greater portion. For the moment of truth in matters of faith, for peacemakers and others, has little to do with talent and everything to do with response. My ministry, as for so many others, was a smoke screen for a life which had not been energized by divine acceptance. Charles, on the other hand, in his deepest places, understood himself to be a child of God. In matters of peace and faith, that is the pearl of greatest price. That is the pearl which opens doors for the presence of sainthood.

It is not necessary for peacemakers to dwell in these or other questions of faith. However, it is necessary for me to do so. It is not essential for peace and justice advocates to affiliate with religious institutions. However, it is essential for me to affirm the community bases of the life of faith. There are many gifts and many paths. The task, for peace educators in their various contexts, is to give what we can, and walk where we must.

iii.

Despite the tasks established for this "Journeys" collection, it might seem strange to the reader that so much time is spent on matters of pedagogy, faith and affect, and so little spent on the issues which continually emerge in this sometimes miserable and unjust world. My emphases are intentional, if misguided. I have enormous respect for the people who attend to the concrete needs of specific persons – who house the homeless, feed the hungry, advocate for the dispossessed, preserve the ecological integrity of the planet. All of us, regardless of our station in life, must routinely engage in that work. We must also, in our various professional capacities, understand the extent to which we are support personnel for that community-based response to human need which those persons represent, often in needless isolation.

Additionally, I have great respect for persons skilled in political organization, the ones who do the mailings, call the meetings, and organize the rallies. Again, persons like myself must both engage in that work and provide dedicated support for those who take the struggle to the streets. One of the dearest persons in my life, Charles Frederick, has opened extraordinary vistas of political action for myself and others, primarily through his cultural work – his insistence that it is in the creation of the liturgies of culture that people find their power, their hope, their communities of resistance. Charles possesses an enormously fertile intellect, but his mind is always pressed into the service of culture – helping those who organize community to find the means to express and affirm community.

However, when all is said and done, I also believe that there is need for a different work in this world, a work which is not so much about action and political protest as it is about insight, about a re-investment in our perceptions and visions in and about the world. Douglas Sloan of Columbia University, a good friend and mentor, speaks of the need to "unmask officialdom," as one means of freeing our minds of our limitations of knowing. He speaks of the "excluded discourse" of our public life, the discourse which makes us more comfortable with possession than appreciation, with certainty than with paradox, with analysis than with participation, with status than with honesty, with detachment than with vulnerability. It is not only that we lack the skill necessary to affirm and implement these latter aspects of life in the world; it is also that we lack the vision and imagination to live in a different way. We have "purchased the surfaces" and that pretense to success or virtue which has virtually become the hallmark of our time.

Pretense is as insidious as it is pervasive. Children ask if life has a chance. We delude them with assertions of control. Old people ask us to help make sense of a life transforming into death. We patronize their questions and detach ourselves from their realities. Students ask for truth. We provide them with convention and the illusion that we can ever stop learning and growing. Persons in our churches ask for guidance towards enlightenment and redemption. We provide them with theological formulas and dubious assertions of righteousness. All of this is pretense, born not of malice but of an impoverished perception. We don't see enough or know enough, we fail to distinguish properly between the world we have and the world we want, and we no longer recognize that all of this is so painfully common for us.

My "journey" in peace education leads me to this place, because I believe that the basis of radical action in this next phase is not primarily activism, but insight. It is not caring alone, but wisdom also. We must continue to care and organize, but we must also reinvest in what we think we know, see and value. That task has been neglected, or under-attended, for too long.

Living in Gratitude

This activity called "peace education," when all is said and done, is about laying the foundation for a world with different priorities, expectations and activities. This is a daunting and fearful task, but one which is necessary if we are ever to transcend the tired analyses and solutions which lead many people to the brink of despair. It is also a task which we cannot engage solely within our own communities of discourse and resistance. In order to build, and build upon, this new foundation, we must enlist the cooperation and support of all kinds of people, even those who would critique our intentions and undermine our most cherished political strategies. The coalitions which will build the future are broader, more diverse than we could ever imagine. Many who support the work now will lose heart. Others will offer extraordinary assistance in relative anonymity. Leadership will emerge from unlikely sources, from people too broken or limited to lead in conventional terms.

In the Christian gospels, as in other important texts, there is a disparity of testimony which gives clues as to the kind of networking required in this newest phase of our history. Jesus, it seems, spends much of the time recorded in these gospels instructing the disciples about their work in the world. How are they to distinguish between allies and adversaries, between the sympathetic and the hostile? It depends on who you believe. In Matthew, Jesus tells the audience that "he who is not with me is against me." However, in the earlier recorded version of Mark, it is said that "he who is not against us is for us." For purposes of this essay and this life, I must prefer Mark's recitation of Jesus' intent. For, in peace education, it is important to find support wherever and however it manifests itself. It is important that our zeal for change and our political reflections not erect barriers to participation on the part of those not yet fully committed to our strategies and paradigms. Things are rarely as they seem and, in this "politically correct" age, the narrowness of our own enthusiasm can, perhaps inadvertently, create more enemies than it can redeem. Whatever else it may need, this world clearly needs no more enemies, no more divisions in the family of humanity.

Keeping doors to solidarity open sounds a bit like compromise and accommodation, and perhaps it must. It also sounds like an unhealthy renunciation, a squandering of precious insight. It isn't. Rather, it is a function of a life lived in gratitude, in dependence, in finitude. We often know what we stand against. Sometimes, we know what we stand for. Sadly, we don't always know who we stand with, nor what will be required in order to persevere in our mission and vision. Only in gratitude can we remind ourselves who we are, where we came from, and who has helped us to our place of vocation. We are not grateful because the world is so wonderful, because our dreams are so noble, because our accomplishments are so distinguished, because our needs are so fully met. We are grateful because of this place given to us, a place in which to find ourselves and our communities of work and hope.

Gratitude does not come easily for most of us. We live in a world which inspires us to feel deprived, no matter how richly we have been endowed. Many of us remember gratitude in our youths being another name for guilt (You don't know how good you've got it!), as though our presence on this planet was the result of some "deal" cut in our absence and without our consent. However, it is important for us to be as specific in our gratitude as we can be. It is time to "name names." We can't name them all, or correctly, and we can't entirely escape the anger or guilt which sometimes accompanies any recognition of dependence, even on those closest to us. Still, caring must be understood as a concrete activity, both in the doing and in the having done to us. We must link names and actions in our own lives, as one way to help us link care and action in response to the lives of others.

ii.

This essay was dedicated to Betty Reardon. To some in peace education, Betty is a celebrity. To me she is heroic, a function of the ongoing struggle to acquire resources, communicate the truth, and define an uncertain future. To some in peace education, she is a sage. To me, she is family, the place where wisdom becomes dialectically incarnate. Even when I rue the day in which peace education entered my life as a professional option, I am grateful to the one who breathed life into my longing for progressive change. I am also grateful for all of the friends first introduced to me by her, friends like Leslie Scott, Anne Shepard, Mary Alice Guilfoyle, Ernie Thrope and Debora St. Claire. I have not always lived according to what I have come to know about the world and its people through their influence, but learning and growth continue to occur. If only they wouldn't take so long!

In the struggle to "name names," we *know that significant* persons often move in and out of consciousness. We have been touched by many persons for a time, and the passage of time does not, or should not, obscure the significance of the gifts. No matter how far we come in life, we should never forget the ones who taught us to read our first sentence, held us during our first steps, gave us our first kiss or our first paying job, opened the first doors to a place in our chosen work. I have only vague memories of those first teachers, but more vivid recollections of recent influences. To Frank Daniel, Leo Werneke, Douglas Sloan, Ellen Stern, Saul Mendlovitz, David Parks, Willard Jacobson, William Landram, Philip Phenix, Alan Thompson, William Wipfler, Michael Jupp, and Maxine Greene go the thanks which are due great teaching. I would always be a better person, a better teacher, if only I could dwell in their gifts more fully.

Then, there are the ones who teach through participation in the common struggle, the struggle to imagine more fully and to build a world fit for children and other life forms. My association with the International Institute on Peace Education (IIPE) has opened worlds of opportunity and growth for me. Terry Carson and Toh, Swee-Hin of Canada, Lorelle Savage of Australia, Robert Aspeslagh and Rien Van Nek of the Netherlands, Eva Nordland of Norway, Marlene Fagela, Ofelia Durante and Virginia Floresca-Cawagas of the Philippines, Lester Ruiz of the World Order Models Project – these and other international connections have enriched my life an perspectives beyond imagination. Swee-Hin and Virginia, in particular, have entered into a profound and loving partnership with me which is sure to be life-long, and through which I am so very inspired. Among the three of us, there is wisdom, more patience than we usually realize, solidarity and commitment. There is also, and hopefully, more work to be done through the International Institutes on Peace Education, as well as the World Council for Curriculum and Instruction, the Project on Ecological and Cooperative Education, and other programs. I am reminded, in all of this, that the world is full of promise amidst the ruin, faith amidst the despair. In the race between survival and decay, many unknown workers toil with great expectations for the future of the planet, and our common labor is dedicated in part to bringing their struggles to light.

Some of my greatest teachers in this work have not been academics or educators, but rather people who have invested their lives in multiple cultures and persons, who know how to organize public education campaigns or union laborers, who can speak the resounding "no" when it is required, or take ideas and give them substance. As one who has much training in the realm of ideas, I am aware of their limitation. Our kingdoms of culture are built on too many abstractions, notions about the world divorced from sufficient scrutiny, reality which is often assumed but rarely tested. My respect for persons who can build and sustain a political movement with requisite "reality checks" is profound.

When I think about such people, many names come to mind. I am reminded of the kind, passionate, uniquely Canadian courage of Tena Montague. Also, the patience and perseverance of Mae Fe Templa, Ofelia Durante, and so many others on Mindanao. Anne Shepard makes Catholic schools in Kansas City more attuned to social justice issues. Jo Becker is leading the Fellowship of Reconciliation into a new era of protest and service. Nora Godwin skillfully incarnates development education work at UNICEF. Claudia Schroder, Jan de Haas and many others counter human rights abuses worldwide through the International Federation Action of Christians for the Abolition of Torture. Kathleen Kanet and Virginia Dorgan facilitate new forms of education and action for adults through the Christian Initiative Center of International Learning. Christine O'Brien, Pat Nolan, Ruth Uphaus, and many others keep the work and spirit of peace alive in Tampa Bay, Florida. Mac Legerton helps to empower native Americans in a forgotten part of North Carolina. Charles Frederick keeps alive the stories of the scorned and oppressed in gay and lesbian communities. Diana Aviv courageously calls the U.S. Jewish communities to be agents of development and reconciliation. Deidre McFadyen helps to tell essential stories of political and social life in Latin America. Christine Wells heals broken children in Upstate New York. Alan Thompson struggles for vindication of his personal faith and his politics of reconciliation. S.N. Snipes, Ted Parker and others assist in the spiritual and material renewal of East Harlem. On and on it goes, in every corner of the planet, people breathing hope into desperate times. I have been infected by their hope, and I have learned much from their lives.

The final bit of gratitude is extended towards those who, from time to time, have given me cause to rejoice – people who, for better reasons or worse, have found themselves in my classes at various stages of their lives. Of all the compliments paid to me, of all the blessings I receive, none is as great as when a former student decides that they have not outgrown me. I am astounded to discover that some people who once relished my company continue to do so – that the ideas and stories which once captivated them have not evolved into quaint, irrelevant tales of a rapidly aging pedagogue. Some of my former students, including Maria Stern, Thea Brachfeld, Peter Schwartz, John McNeilley, Tim Hollis, Christine Brown, Mara Gottlieb, Christine Balvo, Jennifer Spielman, Bill Dickman and Laurie Capponi have grown to become among my very best friends. We came together out of some dimly felt, shared commitments in the world, and we stay in each others' lives for similar reasons. My debt to these people is enormous, more than I can ever tell them. If only I had more to give them now, more hope, more resources, more networks, more advice. We haven't paid sufficient attention to the future of our work. These persons, and many others, choose to join us despite this grave oversight. They deserve our love and respect, and probably a bit of an apology.

iii.

Naming names is an exercise in frustration. Our lives and work are mysteries which lead everywhere. As is the case with any educator, we have limited knowledge of those whom we deeply affect and those whom we merely entertain. For a variety of reasons, we also suffer from serious lapses of memory. We forget where we came from, who brought us to this place, how often we have made claims on this world and had those claims satisfied. Life is hardly a picnic, but our baskets have, for the most part, contained more than our fair share. We may not have the power to turn loaves and fishes into a banquet for thousands, but we can learn more about how to turn our bounty into picnics of justice, spreading our blankets and inviting more of the world to sit with us. It is a truism, I suppose, but it also has a kernel of real truth. There really are two kinds of people in the world--those who take kindnesses for granted, and those who make kindness into an occasion for reciprocity. Recollection of the joy bestowed upon us by others should prompt us, more and more, to provide a taste of that joy to others. This is giving, born not of guilt, but of simple recognition.

A draft of this essay was completed in South Africa, a place of contradiction and anticipation, a place of anaesthetized longings, random violence, and anger lurking below the surface of accommodation. What can we say during this time of transition for South Africa which could sum up the present phase of this one, ideosyncratic journey in peace education? Do we reiterate that the world makes no sense to us? Do we mourn a peace more elusive than ever, children dying more quickly and with less meaning than at any point in our collective memory? Certainly, we have cause to be incredulous, and we have more than enough reason to mourn. Surely, we need to create spaces for each other where mourning and bafflement find expression in daily life and conversation. We spend too much time running from what is most true for us.

Yes, there is mourning and confusion and anger, and in abundance. There is ample reason for discouragement. And yet, the sustaining message of my hope, in South Africa as elsewhere, is that God is not discouraged. God sees what we see, all of it, in all of its horror and wonder. However, the result of this perception is not discouragement. Rather, the choice is to keep operating in and through history, as though history matters. For us, it must matter, not because we claim this to be the only reality, but because this is the only reality in which we know to struggle. This is the sphere of our action, and the sphere of our redemption. We need it to happen here, even if we choose to believe that it can also happen elsewhere. God accepts and honors this need, for God is not discouraged.

God is not discouraged, but many of us are. We wonder how our energy and commitments can survive more disappointments, how we can continue our commitments to growth when growth itself is so elusive, how we can continue to care when we feel undervalued. We are discouraged so much of the time, and that discouragement can rob us of our clarity, our spontaneity, our zest for living a life in joy and recognition of the peace which must truly come. We all know what it is like to feel drained of energy, to have trouble addressing ourselves to essential tasks, to feel unmotivated in the pursuit of activities and ideas which we know to be vital to our well-being. God knows what this is like, also. But God is not discouraged. This is our miracle for this moment in history, and for the years which we are given to live our lives.

Sometimes, there is need for reflections, strategies and actions, even radical ones. Sometimes, there is need to hold the hands of those closest and dearest to us. I have been given Hope and many essential friends and colleagues. I had also, for 15 years, been given a Wonder Dog, the repository of much of my best karma, the gentlest life form I have ever known. Sometimes, there is also need to hold paws.